

CAVALCADE

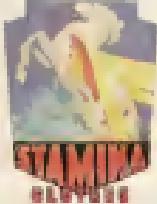
DECEMBER, 1953

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CAVALCADE

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WEST NORTH

With horns protruding from their foreheads, these men were deformed

Devil in the Flesh



In the older days people born with horns attached to their bodies—or people who developed them in later years—were looked upon with fear. It was believed that the person possessing horns also had supernatural powers—that the poor wretch was, in fact, a disciple of Satan. Consider the masses of men and women lived a life of horror, deformed from the moment of their birth to a life of curse and mockery by their fellow men.

The tragedy is that many people are born with horns. One doctor estimates that one person out of every thousand comes into the world with this deformity. There are even many instances on record of humans who shed their horns periodically, just as do certain mammals.

Until fairly recently, reports of such persons—"monstrosities" and "abnormalities" as they were gener-

WALTER REYNOLDS

ally described—were quite frequent. Today, however, they much public attention only rarely. If a horned child is born, the horn is often removed without the parents even knowing of the fact. Horns that develop in later life are also treated with great success by competent medical men.

Horns generally occur in persons who otherwise present no abnormalities. They may represent an attempt—in these instances, at least—by the body to dispose of excessive accumulations of calcium—which the spine and prostate gland are unable to dispose—and other available normal salts. These horns are in many respects indistinguishable from the horns of animals.

They are of the same chemical structure (carbon, calcium phosphate and mineral salts). Often they contain a core of wax bone. When burned, they give forth an odor identical with that of animal horn or boar tusks; the ash also is horn.

They are susceptible to pain, and may be availed of without giving the wearer any discomfort. Often, however, if they are struck or wounded, pain will be felt in the skin and flesh adjacent to the base of the horns, which is also true of horned animals.

Horned people are often exceptional. There is considerable evidence that persons possessing remarkable development of the infratemporal ridge of the maxillary bone—the bony structure above the eye—are often gifted in such mental attributes as medicine (transcendental) and magnetism. Many horned persons possess such bone structures in the lower forehead.

In 1934, for example, the medical writer Johannes Blaafeld, wrote in considerable detail of a Benedictine monk who "had a pair of horns and was addicted to somnolence." In 1941, the great German physician, Dr. P. C. Pfeiffer, reported the case of a father—who possessed horns—and his son—who had no horns, both of whom, however, were of exceptional intelligence. The son truly believed that he had inherited the mentality—though not the horns—from his father, and that his father would not have been so brilliant had he lacked the horns.

Curiously enough, a tribe of "horned men" with bony tower-shaped bone structures was recently discovered in Central Africa, and created quite a sensation in anthropological circles. It was first reported that these people manufactured their horns by artificial means, as is common among some aboriginal tribes, particularly in connection with religious rites. But according to the British physician and anthropologist, Dr. J. Lamprey, who reported on this tribe in the British Medical Journal and elsewhere, the horns were hereditary, true horns, while the tribe had no other malformations and was singularly free from psychia disturbances.

Until fairly recent years, records of horned persons were published in the medical journals with considerable frequency. In the *Medical-Chirurgical Transactions* (London), Dr. E. Wilson reported an eighty-one, of which forty-four were female, thirty-one were male, while the sex of the remaining seven were not noted.

In forty-eight of these cases—more

than half — the horns were on the upper fore-skull, just as occurs in normally horned animals. But there was a considerable number of instances of malformations; eight persons had horns on the face or nose, and the remainder on other areas of the body, such as the trunk, limbs, and even the feet.

Writing in the *Swiss Medical Journal*, Spatzen, in 1886, Dr. F. Bajin described a perfectly shaped "man's horn" that he removed from the left side of the skull—just above the ear—of a forty-year-old woman. It was about nine inches long, two inches broad at the base, and one and one-half inches broad at the tip. It curved "upward and forward" in the rind-like fashion.

In the same year, the well-known French surgeon, Dr. Weill, speaking before the Académie de Médecine, exhibited a spiral horn ten inches long he had removed from the upper left fore-skull of a woman patient. In his case, a second horn immediately started to grow in the same place from which removal had been made.

Some human horns grow to enormous size. In the famous Thorvald Museum in Paris, there is a wax model of an eight-inch horn of geyelin-horned colour that was removed from the forehead of an elderly woman by the famous surgeon, Dr. Baudouin. The American Journal of Medical Science (Philadelphia, 1881) carried an account of the removal of a horn ten inches long from the forehead of another elderly woman. Prof. C. Gregory has reported a horn almost eight inches long that was removed from the forehead of an Elizabethan woman.

Horns have been removed from just about every area of the human body. In 1888, the British medical journal

Leicester described the removal of a "long" horn from a nose's back. The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal carries an account by Dr. Minot of the removal of two horns from one person—one horn being on the lower lip and one on the nose. The Paris Hospital de la Charité has reported removal of bull-like horns four inches long from the fingers and toes of a baby boy.

In some cases, a horn that is single at the base is multiple at the tip. In the *Neue Medizinische und Physiologische Journal* Dr. Vogt describes removal of a three-pronged horn from the forehead of an elderly woman.

Perhaps the most bizarre instance is the one of Paul Rodriguez, a Mexican, who had a horn fourteen inches in circumference at the base and divided into three shafts, growing from the left side of his fore-skull. The horn was not removed; Rodriguez chose to conceal it by wearing a specially designed and shaped red cap.

Perhaps the most distressing—if not physically painful—of human horns are those cases where multiplicity is extreme. Sometimes one person sprouts horns by the dozen. One famous drunk was Archibald, of Waterford, Ireland, who had horns on his penis, nose, nipples, ears, and forehead.

A pair of brothers—Frederick by the name of Lambert — were completely covered with horns with the exception of their fore, palms, and the soles of their feet. Both their father and grandfather also had multiple horns—an amazing instance of heredity of that malformation.

Instances of horns that were periodically shed or "lost off" have been reported. The Lambert brothers, for example, regularly shed all their

horns each spring and autumn, but growth was so rapid that they also shed the horns off when they became long enough to be annoying.

An Englishwoman named Mary Charter, when about twenty years of age, began to develop a pair of horns, one on each side of her forehead. In about four years, they reached a length of several inches, after which they became hard and "dropped off." Recently another pair started to grow, but in four years they too were lost. This process continued throughout her life.

There is an excellent portrait of Mary Charter with horns of four years' growth in the *Antiquarian Collection* at Oxford University.

There is good evidence that certain human horns—like calluses and cancer—are a reaction to irritation over long periods of time. In 1880, the *Baltimore and Louisville Medical Journal* carried an account of the case of a six-year-old, whose face had been exposed to the weather over a period of many years.

Small horns first appeared on his mouth and on both cheeks. They grew and became horrible, while the sufferer starved until they covered his entire face. After about four years, the two largest horns ulcerated and fell off, but new horny nodes commenced to grow in their place.

Human horns have been removed by non-medical persons in many ways. An Englishman "broke three off," the Lambert brothers "shaved them off."

Obviously, once one of these horns has started to develop, extraction or removal is a matter that should be undertaken by a competent doctor, never by a layman.

Human horns have been reported in all ages since earliest antiquity,

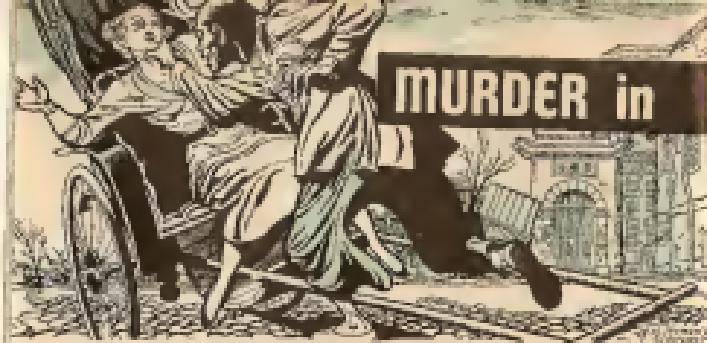
There is evidence that some are effects of the body to dispose of un-needed substances in places where such substances can either be harm in the system, the fact that horns are far more prevalent on elderly than on young persons, elderly persons have less active digestive and circulatory systems and are prone to such depitory ailments as arteritis, hardening of the arteries, and so on and a proof of that. To such persons, horns are a blessing in disguise.

More mysterious is the fact that horns, as some families and tribes, are hereditary. Do they represent a true mutation—an effort by Nature to establish a herded human species? Finally, why do some people shed or "lose" their horns at regular intervals? That is a question that would lead almost any zoophysiologist to tear his hair in desperation. For the answer appears to be completely unanswerable at this time.

At any rate, we do have horned people, plenty of them. And they are not horned by the Devil, that's one comfort. In fact, the development of horns may be a sign of superior intelligence, after all.

Horns are irresistible to girls and may be easily removed without discomfort.





MURDER in a RICKSHAW

Review found the native,

silence brought in
the killer of the doctor.

PETER MARGRAVES

Chin, having recently married one of her pupils.

Soon after graduation from medical school in the States 12 years before, Susan Weddell had sailed for China to dedicate her life to the English fight there against predation, poverty and disease.

She accepted a teaching post at the university to pass on her medical knowledge, and found happiness both in her work and with her handsome, earnest young husband, who after his graduation worked as a doctor with the Central Health Administration.

Detective Ling signed at the prospect of a tough case as he went to interview Dr. Hsu. He did not know a native for the killing, but he knew it could be any of a dozen, particularly when the victim is a beautiful white and married to a yellow man—yellow, revenge, racial hatred.

On the other hand, Dr. Hsu and his wife had, according to all reports, been very happy. They had overcome the burdens of race and sex and, united by their common work, their marriage still remained a live match.

Ling asked the Chinese doctor what he knew of his wife's move-

DUSK was descending over Nanking on the evening of October 14, 1935. On a deserted road near the great marketplace of Sun-Yat-Sen, a rickshaw glided along behind the glistening dust of the Chinese bazaar.

Sitting inside was a young and pretty white woman, Dr. Susan Weddell. She, returning from her day's work at the city's university.

Suddenly the rickshaw stopped with a jerk. Its passenger sat up and peered into the gathering gloom. She called out sharply in Chinese as to why they had halted.

The driver did not answer, but stepped out of the shafts and came towards her. The woman's blood froze. A noose was being on her throat, but she never uttered a sound; strong bands had reached out and clamped around her wrists.

The following morning, a constable named Lee Fong, trudging along the road, saw a strange-looking bundle lying in a ditch in an adjoining field. Hoping of a windfall, he pushed his way through the undergrowth, starting the road and investigated at closer quarters.

What he saw caused him to gasp with fright, just like a woodpecker

springs off in the direction of the nearest police office. There he blurted out that a young Chinese (American) had died by the road.

Local police accompanied Lee Fong back to the spot, and after verifying that the woman had been murdered and was then beyond human aid, called detectives from the Nanking Headquarters to conduct the investigation.

Ling Po-Chang, senior officer of the Headquarters, took charge. To his amazement, over it was obvious that the woman had not been killed in the field. A trail of broken brush and trampled weeds indicated that she had been dragged there from the road.

Beyond that the killer had left no clues. The victim had not been criminally attacked and there were no signs of a struggle. She could have been slain on the road, or in some Nanking house, and only brought to the lonely spot for disposal of the body.

Identification was not difficult. The former Susan Weddell was well-known in Nanking as an American doctor teaching at the university. In private life she was Mrs. Hsu Shih-

men the previous day. With courteous formality and, like all Chinese, carefully pointing his word, Dr. Hsu said that Susan met him at their flat for tea and had then returned to her work. That was the last time he saw her alive.

Asked to account for his own movements around his office that evening (which, according to medical reports, was the approximate time of death) the young Chinese said he left his own work early at six. He walked home part of the way with a friend, arriving there about 6:30.

When his wife did not come home, he drew changed and began telephoning friends. Later he reported her disappearance to the police and spent most of the night searching the city for her.

Detective Ling next visited the University to trace Susan Weddell back movements. He was told she had left at around about 8:30.

"How did she leave?" Ling asked, but no one recalled seeing her actual departure. She could have been on foot, taken a rickshaw or accepted a lift from a friend in a car. She used all three three modes of getting home on different occasions.

At the end of a day of continuous inquiry, the detective had made no progress. He still had no witness.



an existence in a brutal, shocking manner for which the American cause would soon be demanding to see a culprit under lock and key.

Lang discussed the case with his assistant, Tuan Kee. The more they considered the mysterious personal life of the dead woman, the more they became convinced they would have to look elsewhere for a suspect.

She had no enemies, neither among the white population nor the Chinese. Most of the latter who knew her worshipped her for the work she was doing.

Experienced in the ways of poverty-stricken China, Lang believed that robbery was the real motive for the murder. He telephoned Dr. Hsu and was informed that his wife would be carrying about 200 dollars in her purse. She had just received her monthly salary.

No purse or money had been found with the body. The amount was not large, but to a thief, a vagrant or a robbery police it would be a fortune.

As soon as he thought of a robbery police, Lang knew he was on the right track. Only a robbery boy would have an opportunity to be alone with the woman at 1:30. It was unlikely that, as she was carrying the master, she would risk walking home alone.

A squad of men under Tuan Kee, Lang's assistant, was sent out the next day on the new lead. It was not possible to check on all the city's 1,000 robbery police, so Lang instructed them to move around among them to see if anyone had suddenly started to spend money lavishly.

For a fortnight the search went on. Counter-espionage agents and police from every city and all had to be investigated. There was a race

who had bought a new pair of sandals; another was known to have paid two visits in the one week to a cheap house of ill-fame; a third openly boasted that he had seven children and possessed chastity.

One by one the suspects were investigated. All, however, were able to prove that they had legitimately acquired the money for the homicide.

More weeks passed, and then the owner of a noodle shop in the Pennsylvania district recalled to one of the detectives that a nickname police had not long ago arrested two friends in a lunch dinner. The man's name, and the restaurant keeper, was Liu Yung-Huang.

When he heard the information and looked up the nickname boy named in the police records, Detective Lang believed they had found their man.

He read Liu Yung-Huang's card out to Detective Tuan Kee.

"Twenty-four years old," it stated. "A former soldier. Arrested as a suspect in the murder of Miss Hsu Wu-Chien, nurse of the Gating College for Women. Released because of insufficient evidence."

"Suspect in the kidnapping of three-year-old son of Li Yen-Yuan in Shao in Kiangsu Province, October, 1931. Released because of insufficient evidence."

Tuan Kee was instructed to bring the slippery nickname police in for questioning. An intensive search, however, failed to locate him. He had vanished from his usual haunts on October 18, four days after the murder.

The two detectives kept up the trail and in succeeding weeks followed the wanted nickname boy in Tainan, Tungting, Shantung, and half a dozen other small towns. Always they were just too late to reward

him for having been moved on again.

Finally, at last, when Liu was born, they had better luck, and spotted him on the street. Mindful of Lang's instructions to obtain more evidence if possible, they decided to try to trap him into an unwitting confession.

Dressed in the tailored clothes of vagabonds, they struck up an acquaintance with the unsuspecting Liu. In a few days they were friendly enough to join him at cards in a small, disreputable tea-house.

One night when his luck was out and his two companions had won a considerable sum from him, Liu picked up the cards and dropped them on the floor.

"Bad luck!" he groaned. "Always bad luck! Once not long ago I had plenty of dollars. But if the cards go on trapping me like this I will have to return to Nanking and pull a robbery once more."

"Oh, you worked in Nanking?" asked one of the detectives.

The anger this suddenly aroused Liu's suspicion. He looked sharply at the two men, realized a good-night and left hurriedly.

Far from losing their quarry, the two detectives waited him to his lodgings and took up a position outside. Their patience was justified. Before dawn the following morning, the former nickname boy emerged and set off in the direction of the railway station.

Further description was useless, so the two detectives came out from the shadows and pointed to him. "Liu Yung-Huang," one of them announced, "you are under arrest for the murder of a foreign woman in Nanking."

His hands were fisted, when a

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

The poison used the prehistoric words
About anyone "showing
just cause",
But the customary poison
was unheard,
As the couple smiled, in
the pause,
But, as they stood and faced
the altar,
Seeming to be good and
true.

The bride panted, and was
soon to falter—
Should she say, "I will,"
"I have," or "I do?"

—RAY-AL

search disclosed in his money belt a ticket from a Nanking pawnbroker for a ring and a watch, which he had stolen from Men Hsu along with her money.

When these items were recovered and identified by Dr. Hsu, the case against the hideous boy was complete. Confronted with the evidence, he confessed to the crime.

He and the woman hired him to drive her home. On the way she stopped to buy some fruit, and he saw that her purse was filled with money. Deciding on robbery, he stopped the nickname on a dark stretch of road.

Lang held out two huge, eye-like hands. "With these," he said, "I clasped her throat. She made no sound and struggled only for an instant. When she was still, I lifted her out and dragged her off the road."

The trial of the nickname boy was short. On May 7, 1932, he paid for his crime before a felon squad.



The Laughing Nymph

SHE WAS LOVELY IN THE LAGOON.

amongst the weeds. A little while now and she would be forced to the surface to breathe.

The school of silver fish swam busily about her. They swerved across the surface of the pool and rose suddenly toward the surface. Now! In the same instant as she shot up from the weeds the net broke the surface of the water and made a wide circle.

Tahseen's hand burst from the water with the net draped over it like a veil. The bobbing hand and the wild, excited laughter started the young fisherman, Murru. For a moment in that dark form shot up from the depths he thought that a shark had swept up in to nab his catch. Looked here was the mischievous Tahseen, the girl of his dreams and the fane of his desires, giddilyirling around like a sun-goddess and completely running his fishing.

The laughing girl had already swum half the length of the pool before he decided that here was no prank that would go unrepentant. He plummeted into the water and gave chase like a powerful flying arixa and driving his studded fins across the pool in a matter of seconds. Yet in his churning he saw that he had gained little if anything at all on his quarry.

She scrambled out of the water on to the coral-strewn rocks, picked her way across them and fled like

Nymph

MICHAEL GRAHAME

BUT SHE SWAM TO ALOUD MARITON ANGER, WHEN SHE REALLY WISHED TO PROVOKE HIS LOVE.

the little craft before it was beyond the breakers. He was too late. Tahseen had reached the open water.

Oh, this would be a fine tale for the women over their cooking fires. Tahseen had made off with the bold Maru's net right under his very nose. The young girl would cover their mouths as he passed and giggle, the old girls would grin toothily, the men would work and wriggle each other.

Maru hopped bodily on land—and dinner. How he wished to hold that proud beauty in his arms and heat her just as he had seen Tahseen, the repealer, heat his naughty children . . . heat her with his hands and her flesh was past with the sun and heatstroke. Tahseen must come fast and low later.

Under the burden of the net Tahseen's pace was slackening. Maru leapt across his single. He had to overtake her before she reached her canoe and doomed the parrot she had just snatched on entering the water. As she ran before him now, a naked child, he felt he could chastise her. As a woman he would be too ashamed to strike her.

But the girl didn't hesitate. She bundled the net closed, flung herself on the canoe and sailed it out into the surf. Maru dashed after her in a final desperate bid to catch

the little craft before it was beyond the breakers. He was too late. Tahseen had reached the open water.

Maru turned back to the beach, heavy with the heart and longing inside him. Tahseen's canoe was now well out in the bay. As she turned and waved her red parrot at him suddenly two things happened simultaneously: the canoe sank beneath her and the hunger rounded the point.

Realizing that it was futile to struggle alone with the waterlogged canoe, Tahseen abandoned it and started back for the beach. Maru smiled confidently. The mischievous little beauty would not escape him after all. Then he aghast with a sudden drag at his heart that the water-worn boat had changed course and was bearing down on him.

Suspicion twisted its back in him. Violence and blood! It was always so with these ships that came and vanished. But did they come to steal a woman here or Maru's! Fool! A thousand men would heat them across the sun, cut out their hearts and feed them to the fish . . .

Then into the corners of his eye leapt the sinister black fin that sped like an arrow straight for his Tahseen. He screamed her name so that the gulls rose in alarm and he poured to the god of all the water that the ship should smash her first.

THE girl's body slipped through the water with all the streamlined, effervescent grace of a darting fish. With every kick of her strong human legs, every swimming sweep of her supple arms, her speed increased. Now she had reached the floor of the pool where a wide ribbon of rock yellow sand arched through waving forests of green. A wood and coral outcrop amidst . . . silence. The girl kept to the shadows that edged the sand, knowing that were she to cross it she would immediately be seen by the man who watched so carefully from the coral ledge above.

She turned slowly on to her back, her half long fingers of black gently caressing her face and shoulders, while her feet sought a firm bottom

Then he saw the white man at the beach and heard the rifle roaring. The Indians lit twisted and smoking. The bigger roared about slowly and many angry hands were reaching down to lift Tolomeo should. The ship moved across the bay until it lay in the lee of the opposite point. There came the roar of gear, the splashing of the anchor, excited voices and, he decided, the same merry peal of laughter he had heard from the crewmen who had broken through his net.

Morito could not sleep that night. Tolomeo had not returned.

The following morning the strangers came to the village in trade. Tolomeo regarded Morito haughtily, strutting preposterously under his very nose in his new finery . . . a gaily patterned cloth and a large white comb.

The skipper of "The Ventures" knew what he was doing. The exotic little spider was a prize he was not going to miss. He planted a hungry possessive hand on the girl's shoulder.

Morito raised his outcry well . . . the fair skin, and the strange yellow of his hair which looked more golden than the afternoon sun shirts

the women wore in their ceremonial dances, the staggering gait and bumbling tone. This was his man. If he must, he would kill him.

For the first time in months Morito faced himself alone. Until now whatever he went to know, Tolomeo was not far off, watching him . . . sometimes secretly, but more often openly teasing him . . . a tantalizing torment whom he would have claimed as his own at the next marriage festival. Now he realized how great was his desire for her. Tomorrow perhaps these men would sail away and she would be free again tempting him.

He found her that afternoon by the pool . . . they pool. She was flinging herself for the benefit of the white stranger, diving for the shiny bubbles which he threw into the water. She held them up to him laughing, challenging. Uncertain of his surroundings the man waded slowly into the water and swam after her.

No one could take Tolomeo from him, particularly a white man, who had no love for his only love, a man who would use Tolomeo's innocence in the ways of the white race, even when he had tired of herself her in another. The lovely Tolomeo—the girl he wanted as a wife—would be killed and gone from his shores. That must not happen. And there was no bargaining with the white man; there could be only one way—he would have to die.

He hated fled Morito's fierce determination. This man must die. But how? A spear? A knife? There was too quick . . . better than slow burning agony that wrings the last of life from the body and carries the spirit into the night.

He hunted the reef as long as there

was light to see and, as the sun faded, he began again, releasing his catch in the swimming pool close by the beach. A dozen, maybe more, he trudged back and forth with his hideous burden.

It was a blustery shore that the day-tripper Tolomeo dragged from the pool the next afternoon. The white man's frenzied screams brought the whole village running. At last he stopped and even those blind people, cruel and savage, turned to sufficient and violent death in so many terrible forms, shrewd from the disease, blighted horror that withered on the sand and grew suddenly purple on death.

Morito was standing his father's space that night by the fire when Tolomeo came to him. She stood there just at the edge of the shadows. Though his heart beat wildly he ignored her until his task was complete. Then he rose, stepped around the fire and stood down at her.

He laid one of the spears and placed its needle point against her breast. A thin trickle of blood glistened on her dark skin, her eyes widened in fear, but she did not move.

Like a striking snake he watched at the gift comb in her hair and threw it upon the coals where it hissed and sizzled like a siren alive and tortured. Then his strong fingers took the new comb from her hair and tossed it into the flames.

Without a further word or sign he left her. Submission first and love, maybe later. A blood-red moon hunched over the swimming pool by the beach. A haven of delight had become a harbor of death, a place snatched, where lurking stone-dish struck like venomous lightning.



"Keep calm, lady! Keep calm! I'll rescue you!"

Crime Capsules

54

DOUBLE DEALING

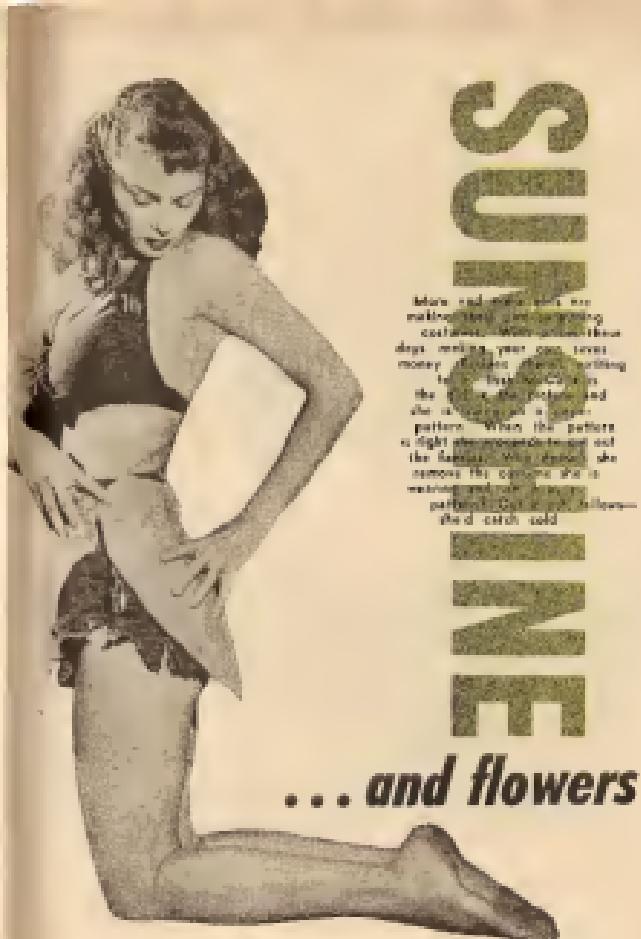
In 1938, in California, nine-year-old Walter Collins went for a walk and disappeared. Five months later, a former neighbour of the boy discovered another boy in Illinois, who was as much like Walter that she coached him in Walter's habits, taught him the facts of Walter's life and took him to Mrs. Collins, claiming that she had found Walter. Everyone was happy and the case was closed. But Mrs. Collins had her doubts. She measured the boy and found he was shorter than her son. Also the lad had a couple of old scars on his body which Walter did not have. She reported the matter to the authorities, but she was criticized as unwise and committed to an asylum. However, within a week, the FBI unpeeled the mystery and Mrs. Collins was released. She paid the authorities and was granted \$6,000 dollars. But Walter never returned.

FEMALE PATIENCE

In New York last year a policeman was put on the job of catching a dog peddler with the goods on his back. During several days over a period of 10 weeks, the doggy saw him selling the dogs. On her way was a bag of groceries and in that bag was a camera. She took many photographs and then arrested the peddler. Women, apart from having patience, also can be brave in the face of danger. Another policeman walked past a store in New York and saw a crowd in a panic leaving the store in a hurry. He walked in and took in the scene. A madman was holding a revolver in his hand while he gazed wildly around for someone to shoot. The policeman drew his revolver, walked up to the lunatic, disarmed him, and took him to the police station.

DRUNK DORAS

In 1931, in Maryville, Missouri, a mob grabbed the manuscript of a school teacher and decided to burn him. As they prepared the pyre, someone suggested it would be fitting if the hanging took place at the school. So off they trooped. Upon arrival, someone else suggested that the best



S

More and more girls are making their first purchases of dog collars. After a few days, though, you can never money, but you can't give it back. The dog is still a pet, and the owner is still a patient. When the pattern is right, the dog is changed and the family is delighted. The owner has options. She is waiting for the right pattern. She is waiting for the right collar. She is waiting for the right dog.

EE

MM

... and flowers



Here's the result, ma. Wearing her new costume, Irish looks back on the rails of the swimming pool, allowing the sun to warm her body with its warm rays. Irish calls the suit "Playmate" and who would not be a playmate to Irish? Sunshine and flowers, with Irish in full bloom. What a display of beauty.

18 CAVALCADE, December 1952



There's nothing like swimming before swimming. It increases the circulation of the blood before taking that cold plunge. Irish is getting the most out of her vacation, while sun exercises their eyes. Their blood circulation increases, too, from watching her. We wish this picture shows Irish in her best form.

CAVALCADE December 1952 19



"... and think of it, darling! We could have the *entire* Bible *translated* before!"

HE FOOLED THE WORLD



Palmarossa came from a strange place with marvelous stories that people paid handsomely for — and his lies earned money.

TALL, good-looking and most seriously conceited, George Palmarossa was high chairman of charlatanism at a time when frauds, oddities and impostors were the tried servants of society—and should they have come from some remote, unexplored corner of the globe, all the better.

London stages of 1780 were still decked at mention of far-off unexplored continents and islands, and Palmarossa's claim to have come all the way from mysterious Formosa tickled their hungry palates. They took him to their houses and for forty years Palmarossa alternately horrified and amused them with invented tales of the island.

As a youth, Palmarossa began his impostures in a small way. He was employed as a tutor to two small

boys in the south of France, when their mother's advances being too much for his chaste appetite, he decided to return to his home.

He started the journey to Avignon and made a precarious living on the road by learned from passing pilgrims. The little he earned in the manner was soon spent and the shabby young tutor took on the guise of an itinerant student of theology.

Clothed in a stolen leather cloak and staff, and disguised learnedly in Latin, he told a pifflid tale of persecution and hardship, which immediately drew compassion and assistance.

The success of this masquerade led him to adopt an even more pernicious identity. With a forged passport and the name of Palmarossa, derived from the Biblical

ANGUS HAYWOOD

CARAVAN, December, 1953

character. Salverson, he proposed to leave the continent as a Japanese convert to Christianity.

His native knowledge of the island and a distorted account passed from countryman than he could have imagined. At Lambeth he was stopped into prison as a spy, and only regained his freedom by promising not to return to the tree again.

At Ave de Champs he lived the same dodge with shifting results. He was snapp'd up by the owner of a coffee shop who used him as a drawcard for customers.

Disillusioned and on the point of resigning his proper identity, the young adventurer came to Cologne. Here, he enlisted in the standing regiment, but the ardor of his military did not coincide with his felonious nature. He now boasted that he was a brother Japanese and a religious convert, conducted his own private services. Thus consisted of turning his back to the sun and casting a shooe of paying from a bank of goldrush that he had invested.

It was at this point of his career that Poldmesser contacted the language he claimed to be Japanese, and devised an alphabet of strange symbols running from left to right. A new touch was a Japanese calendar, a book of grammar, all the classic elements of his overcooked concoction.

At this time was his motherhood challenged, for the world was quite willing to believe, not having ever seen one, that Poldmesser was truly a citizen of Japan. The masses of his country and other ticklish questions were passed off with a shrug of nonconcern when which varied according to circumstances.

At Mayo it can be said Poldmesser's career began in deadly earnest,

and before long he was so entangled in his own deceptions there was no way of escape.

His first acquaintance was the captain of the Scottish regiment stationed there, one Alexander Innes, who saw in the para-Japanese recruit a possible field for speculation.

Poldmesser was introduced to the Governor of Mayo, Brigadier Leader, who was immediately impressed by the heathen's breeding and various assets. He commanded him to Innes as a suitable tutor, and suggested Poldmesser study with a view to conversion to Christianity.

Innes took Poldmesser under his wing. For the first lesson the Chapman gave Poldmesser a passage in Chinese to translate into Japanese. Agitated despite with the first effort, he asked him to do it again. The glaring discrepancies in the two translations proved to Innes that his student was in need of a good manager.

Instead of expelling him as a fraud, Innes made a business proposition. If Poldmesser really put his hand down and professed his imaginary language until he was word perfect, there would be a nice little living in it for the two of them. English could be compared easily with a little babylon, and they would sit in the log of society with every honory attached to them.

The prospect spurred Poldmesser to complete his self-made studies. There was only one difficulty in his former past—he was now a Foreigner whose abrogation of Japan having failed to the content from interference, it was no longer wise for Poldmesser to pretend to be a Japanese.

It was as a converted Foreigner that Poldmesser and Chapman Innes started London in 1902. As Innes

had prophesied, so did it happen—Innes deluged them with convictions.

Poldmesser was now quite familiar with his new personality and conducted himself with the aplomb of a most-qualified expert. He took part in debates on the various of converting the natives of Persia, and acquired pupils eager to learn his language.

Hailed everywhere as a scholar of extraordinary perception, Poldmesser went to Oxford for lectures in logic, philosophy and divinity.

With Innes goading him and his public clamoring for it, the boorish proposed to write a history of Formosa. So little was known of the island, he was able, with Tocqueville's Description of Japan in one hand, and Constant's Account of the Island of Formosa in the other, to write a geography of surpassing originality.

Published in 1914, Poldmesser's Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, excited the heart of the readers. The author blandly stated that 11,000 children under the age of nine years were annually sacrificed in the sacrifice god of the island. Secondary gods were opposed with moral significance, the bodies of which were eaten by the public. The slaughtered children were the special property of the priests, who dined on them after sacrifice.

To keep up the supply of children and man had six wives and the whole nation was under the cruel and despotic rule of the Emperor Mervandian.

Serpents of exceptional dexterity and temperament were bred on the island. One variety was held as an after-dinner sweetmeat, and Poldmesser's grandfather, who lived to the age of 107 years, attributed his longevity

A CERTAIN US Army Colonel tells the story of a Japanese boy in Australia during World War II. Hitting a large rock too hard, he cracked his poor driver to set off after it. At the end of 10 minutes the Negro driver shouted, "Colonel, there ain't no car in us chasing that thing." The Colonel asked why. "Well sir," was the reply, "we is done" all now and that damn critter ain't put down his front feet yet!"

to goblets of serpent's blood, which he drank every morning. Gheribly, Poldmesser remarked that the grand old man would have completed his second century, had they not been forced to kill him. He suffered from violent colic, and he was killed to put him out of pain.

For this incredible story Poldmesser was paid ten guineas. In between translating audiences into Formosa for his adoring hostesses, he revised a second edition, for which he received twelve guineas.

Though it was undoubtedly a best-seller, the book brought the first of the disbelievers snapper at the Poldmesser heels. In this hour of need Chaplain Innes, who had found himself a lucrative post in Portugal, deserted Poldmesser.

With his retinuing gone, Poldmesser gradually went to pieces. He was challenged by the eminent scientist, Edward Bailey, who wished to know how long the sun shone directly down the chimney in Formosa. Pold-

Peilmaner replied that the island chameleons were turned up at the ends, as that the sun never penetrated them. Indeed, he said, he had never noticed any great difference between night and day in Portlock.

A Chinese maniacally steeply turned from the Sun threw down the pamphlet at a public debate, and openly suggested that Peilmaner was crazy.

Turning to drugs in his hour of misery, and taking as much as twelve teaspoons of laudanum per day, Peilmaner retired from his ungrateful public. In 1917 he made a public confession of the monstrous depths he had沉没ed on for more than forty years.

There was little outcry, for the English had come to recognize the man as an eccentric and a romantic. He was allowed to go into seclusion

with his books, where he settled to write his memoirs.

In the latter part of his life, more fully converted to religion, he made the friendship of Samuel Johnson, who attended in Peilmaner's annual convocations.

By 1928, Peilmaner had sunk to a senility in a country he had conquered so bravely in his youth. His death in that year passed almost unnoticed, and it was not until his memoirs were published posthumously that he was known again.

In the preface the prince of skeptics had written of his regret of having perpetrated "the silent and most odious imperture that youth and robustness could be guilty of."

Though he claimed to have converted all, he died as he had lived, anonymously, under the pseudonym of Peilmaner.



"George, perhaps somebody else would like a cigar?"

JAMES MOLLEDGE

Friends

with
a

technicolour

nose



W. C. Fields of the balloon nose, was a drunkard on and off the screen. He was an eccentric without friends.

All his life W. C. Fields, the film comedian famous for his fruity, balloon nose as big and red as a tomato, professed a violent hatred of children.

Once when making a film with the precocious and popular Baby Lorry, aged two, he suddenly looked the child half-way across the set, remarking with satisfaction: "I guess that will teach the little brat not to stick a come from me."

Between takes, he would sit around sipping the child venomously and uttering vague and terrible threats. These developed one day into definite action.

While the baby's name was absent, Fields surreptitiously poured gin into

the flask of orange juice when shooting started, the salutary bad taste to set in everything but sleep.

The director, stars and studio workers flattered around, while the nurse vainly tried to jingle nose emanation into the glassy-eyed tot.

Fields was openly pitiful. "The kid's no trooper," he kept yelling. "I know he was no good. Send him home."

Yet this same Ishmael W. C. Fields dictated in his will that the major portion of his nine-million-dollar estate should be used to establish an orphanage.

Fields' dubious life was full of such contradictions. Once his friend, writer Gene Fowler, was badly in-

joined in a car crash. The papers reported he was near to death, and Fields immediately rang the telephone.

"How is he?" he immediately asked the nurse who answered the telephone.

"We're not sure, Mr. Fields," she answered. "The doctors have told the reporters they think he may be going."

"Is he conscious?" queried the comedian.

"Yes. I can deliver a message for you."

"Then," barked Fields' stern-toned voice, "tell the son of a bitch to get up from there and get fucking."

Fields recovered and was told by Fields' secretary that the strange, unlaughable man was no longer hanging up the receiver after his conversations than to hang up again. "Poor General Poor Ginch is going to die," he kept repeating.

Called "the funniest man in the world," W. C. Fields was known to millions of Americans for his incomparable pantomime of pugnacity, alcoholism, repartees and swindles in some of the greatest comedies ever produced, and particularly as Mr. Meersho in the screen version of Dickens' "David Copperfield," which will be remembered as long as the book itself.

He made his screen trademark, and it earned him a fortune. The same hunting brought him his death on Christmas Day, 1952.

Told by doctors he would die if he did not give up alcohol, he pugnaciously increased his companion daily consumption by 50 per cent. He vowed to "make them eat of them," but instead he killed himself.

Fields was born on April 26, 1880, and his real name was William Claude Godfrey. He was the son of a Philadelphia fruit peddler and

ran away from home at the age of 14, after "stealing his unassuming parent on the bed with an empty fruit case."

A life of juvenile delinquency and vagabondage followed. To live he collected "a variety of felonies" ranging from stealing from the office of Chinese laundrymen to hiding under saloon counters and robbing his all of his customers when the barbers' backs were turned.

William Claude, however, soon abandoned vagrancy for show business, starting the name of Fields on his first professional appearance from boyhood he had been hampered with rickets, and for years spent 16 hours a day in practice.

The man who was later recognized as the greatest pugilist in the world began his routine with his father's apples and oranges and graduated to the use of stolen tennis balls, empty cigar boxes, Indian clubs borrowed from the YMCA and anything else he could find on rubbish time during his years of wandering.

His first pugilistic job was on the pier at Atlantic City. He was paid 14.

The proprietor passed his pugilistic ability and otherwise told him: "You've got a great set, my boy."

William Claude agreed with him and believed he had "arrived." Then he learned that, for his wages of ten dollars a week, in addition to pugilism he had to fill off the end of the pier every hour and pretend he was drowning in order to move.

The prospect of the ten dollars was too tempting to resist and Fields stuck resolutely to the job. Twelve times a day he went through the routine of drowning and rescue by the pier's professional lifeguards.

At the end of each day he was in a state of collapse. Worse than that was the fact that his re-education

was becoming affected and he was too water-headed to juggle.

A fortnight passed and he plucked up courage to inquire finally about his wages. The proprietor went into a long digressive story had business and strenuously objected to handing over any cash.

"But I've got to pay my rent now," wailed Fields. "At least give me a couple of dollars to quieten the landlord."

"Don't be a fool," answered the proprietor sternly. "If I had two dollars I'd have an extra dinner."

W. C. Fields always said that his lifelong aversion to water (particularly as a beverage) stemmed from his experiences on the Atlantic City pier. He once told a reporter that since then he had never taken a drink of water. "I didn't need any more," he pointed out. "I had it stored up, like a camel."

When a writer to his Hollywood manager queried why he never used the recognized swimming pool, he replied very seriously and said: "Madame, I once drowned 12 times a day for two weeks. Would you like to swim if you'd drowned 128 times?"

More professional engagements followed, and the boy joggler developed into a star of international repute. At 18 he cracked the "big top" of New York vaudeville, and after that he never looked back. World tours followed. One was twice in Australia, and then an engagement for ten years with the Ziegfeld Follies. Finally he went to Hollywood and made a reputation all over again as a straight comedian.

Fields' early hardships developed in him a hunger of poverty and a passion for drink that became notorious in show business. As soon as he began to make money, he started opening bank accounts.

Wherever he went, he would start a new bank account with a big proportion of his weekly pay checks. Eventually he had accumulated more than 700 of them all over the world.

He also had a passion for using queer-sounding aliases such as Egley E. Whitehead, Dr. Otto Grispe, Michael A. Sambatian and dozens of others in business deals. Many of his bank accounts were in such names.

When he died his associates could only locate 38 of the accounts. It seems likely, therefore, that many thousands of dollars of his savings still lie undrawn around the world under these quixotic names.

W. C. Fields in one of his favorite roles, as a ventriloquist.



W. C. Fields' thrifty and parsimonious nature made him averse to spending money.

The producer, Mack Sennett, one evening drove out to his Hollywood house to discuss some comedy ideas for a forthcoming film. When he knocked at the door, a trio of servants appeared and told him that Mr. Fields had gone out.

Returning to his car, Sennett heard rustling in some bushes and investigated.

W. C. Fields was crouching there. He held his beret close to his lips for silence.

"What are you doing in there?" asked the amazed producer.

"Quiet!" hushed the comedian. "Get

your voice down. I just got word a fellow was coming up here to try to buy me \$200 dollars from me to start a restaurant. But don't worry, I'll duck him."

The following day Fields appeared as usual at the studio. He was "wearing dark glasses and a beard so patiently false that he would have been arrested on suspicion by any short policeman."

"How's it going?" asked Sennett sympathetically.

"I've beaten him," said Fields with satisfaction. "I just went right past him on Sunset Boulevard. He didn't know me from Adam. He'll soon give up now."

However, the borrower did not

give up and a few days later he accosted Fields at home. The comedian immediately jumped into bed and went down hard so that he could not see any visitors. "You just be-giving a long silence," he fibbed.

Just when W. C. Fields became a serious drinker is not known, but for many years alcohol was the main spring of his life. His capacity for liquor was a Hollywood legend until he died.

Despite the fact that he himself drank steadily through all his working hours, his alcoholism changed. The evident signs of intoxication—thick speech, unsteady gait and roundness filled him with disgust. The right-on evidence of such in his friends, through their trying to keep up with him in his drinking, resulted in their loudness from his home.

In his twentysix days before he went to Hollywood, Fields had three wardrobe trunks. Two of these contained his liquor stash, and the third his possible equipment and clothes. When he dropped jumping to become a comedian, he put liquor into the third trunk also.

Fields guarded his liquor "like a man keeping a harem." As a result he employed a dwarf who, although he was not much of a drinker, was continually suspected by the comedians of reading the liquor while he was on stage.

When Fields returned to his dressing room, he would draw a chaotic mess on the floor and make the unfortunate dwarf walk it to prove his sobriety.

Highly, the number of bottles and the levels in them were checked. Taking a peek, Fields would exclaim, "Top shelf," and the stewardship commended.

"These full glasses, one three-quarters, two full vermouths, one about half,

small bottle of Sifters," the dwarf would intone.

"Right!" Fields would say, checking his list. "Now hand over to me some juice."

Any suspected shrinkage and the dwarf would be soundly cuffed into near insensibility.

In his later years, W. C. Fields "used his alcohol had crystallized into a habits pattern." He started his day with two double martinis before breakfast, which consisted of a small glass of pineapple juice.

For the rest of the day, short cocktail sippers of martinis accompanied him wherever he went. At the film studios, it was tacitly presented by everyone that these were filled with pineapple juice.

One afternoon, a practical joker dressed across to one of the studios while Fields was on the set. He poured out the contents and replaced it with genuine pineapple juice.

Fields returned a few minutes later and greedily filled his glass. He took a heavy swig and nearly choked. "What's been putting pineapple juice in my pineapple juice?" he roared.

W. C. Fields long claim of comedy first ended in 1946 with "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break." As well as acting in it, for which he was paid a princely salary even by Hollywood standards, he wrote the story and for that received an additional \$1000 dollars. It only took him 30 minutes and was contained on the back of an old grocery bill.

For the rest of his life is settled down to playing himself—one of the strongest comedians in Hollywood.

He had a room about being kidnapped and lived in dread of gangsters attacking his house at night. For protection he carried a couple of Remingtons and a loaded revolver.

"I want all you employees to know that my door is always open. Now go out through it."



and he invented a potent method of his own to brighten the non-existent features away.

Each night the household would be awakened as at the top of the stairs he carried on head conversations with imaginary bodyguards.

"All right you ready, Joe, Bill, Murphy?" he would yell. "Let's go down and get 'em there. This is easy though, I know you boys are former fighters and gunmen, but I'd rather you didn't shoot to kill. Try to get them in the spinal cord or the body. It's to be to be—this ought to be good."

His servants, who found their sleep disturbed with such jolts as rarely stayed for long. They could not put up with the way he skilfully played them against each other to cause trouble.

Then, he would approach the cook with a conspiratorial air and whisper: "I know there's nothing in that, but that damned butler told me you were stealing trout feed. You'd better keep an eye on him."

To the butler, as far as he would say: "Look, I'm on your side, but you'd better do something about the cook. She keeps carrying tales about you and that snappy little upstairs maid."

With one butler he developed an intense suspicion that he was a notorious poisoner. Every time the butler served him food, Field's conveniently called an another servant to sample it before he touched it.

One butler was an enthusiastic athlete, spending all his spare time developing his muscles on some ropes and rings he clung up from the roof of the garage.

One day, when he jumped energetically upward to grab a rope, it came unlatched and gave him a

A 187-year-old told his parents that the boy next door had punched him the father and "If he has you again, you hit him back." Soon after he came in again and proudly announced: "He's crying now." Replied the father: "That's right, always hit them back when they hit you, son." The boy replied instantaneously: "Oh, he didn't hit me again, but I thought he might have done, so I hit him back first."

nasty fall into a pile of old furniture. Before he slipped into unconsciousness, he heard "hearses, caskets, bierfurniture" coming from a darkened corner of the building and saw his employer doubled up with pain.

Field's was not as happy, however, when the victim began a legal action against him, and it cost him \$400 dollars to settle the matter out of court.

At the age of 67, W. C. Field's prodigious alcohol consumption began to catch up with him, and he was paid a visit by "the fellow in the bright nightgown," the pit where he had died.

He was one of the greatest of modern journalists, but will probably be better remembered for his weird eccentricities and contradictions.

He died an unhappy, lonely man—because all his life the suspicion, distrust and suspicion engendered by his harsh baptism caused him to repel and chase everyone who tried to make friends with him.

pointers to better health

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

A man of many which is an aptitude to note that it does as the sound of a bell has been developed in U.S.A. When one of these cones is placed in a tub and a bell is rung over the tub, the patient has convulsions and dies within seconds. It is hoped that the inherited nervous weakness of these men may lead medical research to the cause of inherited weakness in human epiphysis. Herbig found the cause, a cure will follow.

SAR SAR

The old saying "never put anything in your ear smaller than your elbow" is full of wisdom. Many people have injured ears in the ear through trying to remove that wax with the finger or a pencil. Similarly, an aching ear should never be scratched with a pin or a hobby pin. Such scratching can lead to a bad infection. If you must scratch inside your ear, use a small instrument with the point wrapped in certain wool. The same principle applies to the nose to a lesser degree. Pick- ing the nose too vigorously can lead to a bleeding of the lining and infection.

CANCER

Herbs used by Indians to shrink-

ing glands may be a source of a new drug in cancer, says Dr. William H. Ferguson, New York cancer investigator. He used the herbs on leukemia cancer patients and found that the drug reduced pain, halted hemolytic anemia, and seemed capable of checked the spread of the dread disease. He gathered the herbs from the tropical forests of Ecuador and refined the processes for his invention. Herbig found the cause, a cure will follow.

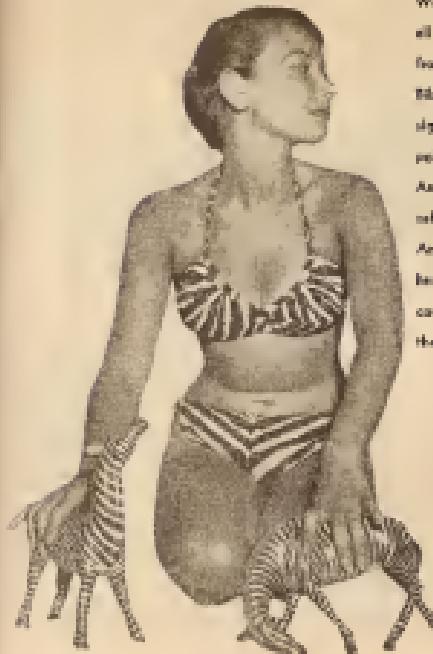
ALL THUMBS

People who have lost thumbs can have index fingers transplanted to the thumb position. By transplanting the index finger to the thumb position, it does the work of the thumb, restoring the grasping function to the hand. The new digit will, in turn, take on the flattened appearance of the thumb.

LOOSE LIVERS

Animal livers are now being kept alive outside the body for hours at a time in the University of Rochester. They are kept alive by artificially-supported blood. Reasons for this is that the scientists believe that they can get important clues to diet and gland causes of artery hardening. The lipoproteins of the plasma, now the cause of interest in artery hardening, are made in the liver.

the zebra girl



We thought we had seen all types of bikinis—from one-piece to bikini—from plain designs to floral and polka-dot. Now we see Ann (just Ann) with zebra-striped options. And to lend weight to her choice, she holds a couple of key zebraes on the grass-like rug in her living room.



This girl really likes zebras. She sits on a zebra-printed lounger, with photos of the animal on the wall. With her long beautiful legs, we can think of no better choice to represent these graceful animals. The zebra should be quite bushed.



As it is the zebra's own domain, Ann fits the picture perfectly under shade of a large umbrella, with trees giving off a restful atmosphere. But where do we fit into the picture? Perhaps we can hear a march—"Stars and Stripes?"



white® finger

"Cuckoo," they called leper leprosy. But leprosy is not

LEPROSY! For centuries even the thought of the disease, scourge of mankind, has caused people to shudder. They conjure up visions of unhappy, segregated victims condemned to a horrible living death and enormous disfigurement.

More than 3,000 years ago the disease was killing the Egyptians. Phoenician traders and the Crusaders spread it through the world. By the Middle Ages it had developed into Europe's worst pestilence, and 10,000 leprosaries were needed to confine them.

Today it is still rampant, despite the efforts of modern drugs. Seven million victims around the world—and their numbers are increasing, particularly in the damp, tropical areas of Africa and Asia—still bear the whitened, "Unclean."

Man's abhorrence to even a mention, but most's abhorrence to the leper has been—and still is—in most parts of the world—nothing less than barbarous.

In a panic-stricken effort to control leprosy, a French king once ordered that every leper in the country be burned to death. That was

probably preferable to the "living death" they suffered in other places and other ages.

Treated as pariahs, they were torn from wives and children to be incarcerated in the leprosarium. To all inmates they were dead—the burial service was even read over them.

If they ever went out from the leprosarium, they had to wear distinctive clothes to prevent their infection. They put on masks to hide their deformities, and they rang a bell as they approached the healthy to warn them to get out of the way.

The cruelty intended the leper was considered justified to control the spread of the scourge. Modern science, however, now believes it to have been largely unnecessary.

Leprosy is caused by infections that is generally reduced. Even conservative medical opinion now classes it as only "slightly infectious over a long period of intensive contact." Contagious of the disease by employees of modern leprosariums is almost unknown.

Yet for all that, compulsory segregation of lepers is still enforced almost everywhere, even though no



of death

LIE GUARDI

as leprosy is of 1950.

such restrictions, for example, are placed on visitors from tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis is 100 times more infectious than leprosy, and a far more potent killer. But no one is a TB victim prevented from having a normal life if he so desires. It is his own responsibility whether he submits to hospitalization for treatment.

The leper has not yet "the touch of death" as was believed for centuries. A healthy person is normally immune to the disease he carries. Leprosy only strikes successfully when the person exposed to the germ is in a weakened condition from other illness, or has an open wound through which it can enter his body.

This has been realized in the two American states of New York and Massachusetts, which no longer disconcert their lepers behind bars or fences.

A panel of United States leprosy experts in 1957 publicly announced that "compulsory segregation of patients is an expensive, useless, cruelly, a survival of a dark age of ignorance and unreasoning fear."

The panel recommended that it be abandoned throughout the United States, but as the only the two states mentioned have adopted the recommenda-

tion. There the only restriction now applied to known lepers concern the handling of foodstuffs and working with children and the sick.

Leprosy is caused by a tiny germ which the Norwegian, Dr. Gerhard Hansen, first discovered in 1873. Microscopically it is similar to the tubercle bacillus, and both germs are resistant to the same drugs. Animal germs they can be called first cousins.

As with tuberculosis, too, the problem with leprosy is to find some drug or means to kill the germ without harming the person who is carrying it.

Ever since Dr. Hansen's discovery, medical scientists have been trying to give the leprosy bacillus rounds the body in a test tube. The Japanese, Dr. Kikuo Nakamura, was the first to succeed in 1932.

His discovery is the first step toward a definite cure. Now science can bombard, poison, poison and otherwise ill-treat exhausted leprosy patients till they find a way to beat them.

There are two main types of leprosy: the lepromatous and the lepromatous.

The second type, which is the less dangerous and the more prevalent, but more infectious, attacks the nerves,

beginning with the nerves of the skin. The first sign is usually a small discolored patch on the skin.

At first the patch is enlarged, but gradually it dies and the sufferer loses all sensations of touch and pain. In leprosy, a normal sufferer is often seen with a cigarette, which he has forgotten, burning right down between his fingers. He is unaware to the pain of the burning.

Other patches then appear, and the germs move from the usual skin areas, which they have killed, to the main trunk of the body. Here they halt their march for some unknown reason. They do not invade the spine or the brain, and consequently few normal persons die of the disease.

Contrary to general opinion, there is no "boiling stage" of the victim's body. In acute stages of neural leprosy, the patient may lose the power of sight as the optic nerve is affected, or his muscles, without nerve control, may clasp his fingers tightly against his palms, twist his toes or cripple his legs. But generally there is hardly any more disfigurement than is suffered by an arthritic victim.

Leprosy, or dermal leprosy, is the skin form. It is more disfiguring and more dangerous. Here the germ attacks the skin tissue. White blood cells rush in by millions to meet the assault. They are in such numbers that only lumps, called nodules, form on the skin.

In time, the nodules may vary from that of a pea to a football. Accompanying the lumps may be a general enlargement of the hands or an enormous lengthening of the earlobes.

It is believed that the leprosy germs sometimes lie dormant in the body for a long period before the out-

ward symptoms appear. Generally, however, the evidence of infection can be seen after an interval of from several months to about five years.

Leprosy can cause blindness, crippling and acute pain—but it seldom affects the life span to any great degree. Previously the leprosarium patients rarely lived more than eight years, but modern drugs used in treatment now generally cure even that form of the disease.

The classic treatment for leprosy was with the oil of the chinaberry, a tropical tree.

As a treatment it is almost as ancient as leprosy itself. It is reported to have been discovered by a Chinese prince about 200 B.C. Afflicted by the disease, he had been sent out into the desert as "an unknown drug."

By luck, he began to gather for food some nuts of the chinaberry bush. To his amazement, within a short period the disease left him.

From that time chinaberry oil became the world-wide cure for leprosy.

Today, however, chinaberry oil has been replaced by the sulphone group of drugs as the most effective weapon against leprosy. These consist of dapsone, sulphamer and pro-methox.

While they do not cure, the sulphones can arrest the disease.

Australia has approximately 300 known lepers, including about 25 whites. The disease is believed to have been brought into the country from Asia by traders and Indians in the north, where the aborigines—often weak and sick and living in squalor—proved most susceptible.

Most of the white victims in Australia are either on Peel Island in Moreton Bay or at Little Bay, just west of Sydney.

The men and women who find themselves so afflicted only think of the day of their return to the outside world—for the majority of them, eventually do return.

But haunting them is the perpetual question: "How will my family and friends react?" And to that they know there is an almost certain answer.

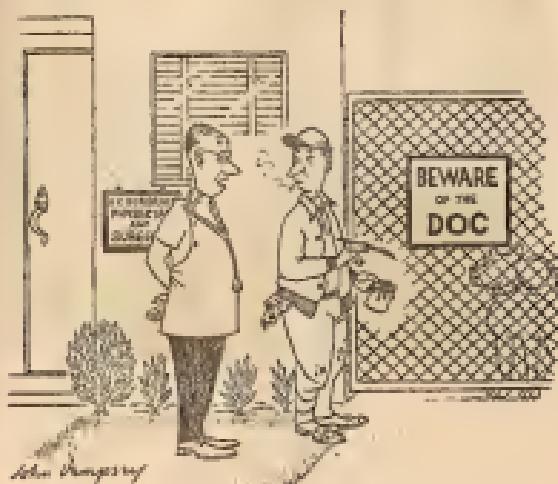
Knowing this, several Sydney doctors, it was recently reported, have begun to treat a number of leprosy patients privately and secretly. They have not notified the health authorities of the discovery of the disease because they do not wish to condemn the patients in consequence in a lawsuit—with its lifetime conse-

quences of poverty and helplessness.

In support of such action, one Missouri Street speaker pointed out the almost negligible danger of the whites spreading the disease. "If I had to choose," he declared, "I would definitely prefer a leper than a TB victim."

Although you may not want to see of those lepers in the train or train, the medical profession the world over insists that there is not "a chance in a million" of your becoming infected with leprosy.

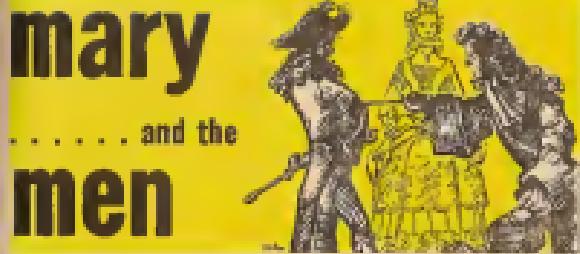
Why most countries throughout the world never be condemned to lives of misery because the superstitions will not believe that fact?



"Could you make the G foot more like a G?"



"Mabel, what lovely dress you have!"



She had a husband, but she could not keep off that beauty for one man. She was not satisfied with her charms.

SPENCER LEADING

WHEN John Sayer, simple country gentleman, and owner of the Manor of Bedfenton, in Buckinghamshire, went to the parish church there in 1880 to take Mary Nevil for his wedded wife, he hadn't the slightest idea what he was letting himself in for. Love, it is said, blinded him completely to what lay beneath the surface of his bride, and that was plenty.

Mary Nevil was an Admiral's daughter, beautiful, brilliant and witty, but unscrupulous to the last degree.

John Sayer had an income of \$1,000 a year, in addition to his property and estates. Obviously Mary Nevil had that in mind when she paraded her gown before the simple country squire.

When the honeymoon had ended, Mary began to show her true self by kicking her husband violently on his shins and other parts of his body because for the young wife not only was she dissatisfied with him as a lover,

This performance went on for about a year. Then the young temptress permitted her still adoring husband with a daughter, at which the proud father was outraged. But the child died in early infancy.

Then Mrs. Sayer began her career in earnest. She became bored with the dull country life in Bedfentonshire, and persuaded her gullible husband to rent a house in Little Street, Leicester Square, London, where he maintained a coach, and lived in style, merely to please the wife whom he still adored. The environment suited the gay Mary admirably.

Another daughter was born then, but whether John Sayer was the father was anybody's guess, because by that time Mrs. Mary Sayer had miraculously become a confirmed widow. In that connection her mother, Mrs. Salisbury (formerly the wife of Admiral Nevil, who was Mary's father) died and adopted her. One afternoon in the house in Little Street, when Colonel Salisbury

was taking tea with her wife and stepdaughter, the upright soldier of many campaigns mentioned that he had heard about scattered rums in the house in Little Street by subtle terms and gentlemen of leisure, which were not even courtesy calls. Some young fool had even mentioned the amount of the fee paid for the pleasure derived from Mary's body.

When the Colonel charged her with flagrant infidelity to her husband, Mary delivered a torrent of abuse. He retaliated by dishing a capital sum in her face.

Mrs. Selbybury screamed, and the Colonel left hurriedly. Filled with indescribable anger, Mary seized her quill pen, and dashed off a letter to her temporarily absent husband, telling him of the gross insult (though not what prompted it), and demanding that honors should be satisfied in the customary way, by a duel with swords.

Simple John Sayer fell for the ruse, and the two men met, but in private. Colonel Selbybury announced at that meeting that his son had been born to a child of whom Richard Noble probably was the father. John Sayer received a letter from Noble warning him that he was in danger of being arrested by the High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, and that he should flee the country, for his own safety. Richard was surprised.

Instantly, Sayer took the lawyer's advice.

This ingenious plot to secure freedom and a good inheritance having failed, Mrs. Sayer went back to the securer house in Buckinghamshire, where she succeeded in re-achieving the favor of the parish.

When Mrs. Sayer returned to London, the indignant wife followed her, but contacted no police, and died.

His wife continued to have her affairs—always looking for the highest bidder. At the same time she plagued her husband's credit and John Sayer was compelled to call in a lawyer to straighten out his financial affairs.

The lawyer chosen for this task was a young man named Richard Noble, who had chambers in New Inn, London. He was a struggling attorney, and was glad of the job.

Within a few days, Richard Noble had fallen hopelessly into the net, and caught not only of Mrs. Sayer, but of her mother, Mrs. Selbybury—though John Sayer did not know that.

He remained away from his wife, and eventually consented to execute a deed of separation. He assigned to her certain lands and an allowance of £200 a year, and agreed that she could live with whom she pleased. The deed, of course, was drawn up by lawyer Richard Noble, in whom he had complete faith and trust.

Shortly after Mrs. Sayer had given birth to a child of whom Richard Noble probably was the father, John Sayer received a letter from Noble warning him that he was in danger of being arrested by the High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, and that he should flee the country, for his own safety. Richard was surprised.

Instantly, Sayer took the lawyer's advice.

Almost immediately Noble succeeded in obtaining a decree obliging the Trustee in the Sayer Marriage Settlement to return these properties, and transfer it to Mr. Richard Noble, following which the trio of conspirators proceeded to fish all that they could get out of John's pockets.

When the hapless wanderer returned to England, he was sued for

debt which he couldn't meet. So he took refuge within the walls of the notorious Fleet Prison, and exhibited his bill to Chancery for release against the sure, under the deed of separation which he had obtained.

This, in its way, was a master stroke, because it put his wife in dire financial straits. Her latest paramour was earning little or nothing.

Down on their luck, Mrs. Sayer, her mother, and Noble took lodgings in The Mint, Southwark, a district which was one of the main centers of London's underworld at that time.

Hearing of this, Sayer wrote, promising to forgive his wife if she would resume marital duty. Mrs. Sayer ignored the suggestion.

The husband determined to seize his wife bodily together with the remaining effects of her that she might possess.

Armed with a warrant issued by a Justice of the Peace, and accompanied by two officers of the Watch and six assistants, he went to the house in The Mint.

Bearing hand on the front door, the man of the law said that they had a warrant to search for a suspected person.

Another servant of the lodgings opened the door, and the party of six went in, to find Noble, Mrs. Sayer and Mrs. Selbybury at dinner.

Surprised with anger, Noble drew his sword, lunged, and stabbed Sayer in the left breast before the officers of the Watch and their assistants could stop him.

Soaked in a large pool of blood on the floor, the victim flung a look at his assailant at his wife. Then his eyes closed and he died.

Richard Noble was a fool, as well as a gross knave because eight witnesses for the Crown could prove

COME IN OUT OF THE COLD

Have you met up with lovely Terrie
Who, when a bold man tried to give her,
Said hold home to come back
To her little town flat
As a drive in the moonlight
Would freeze 'er.

—EX-KKK

murder—no matter what the woman said.

The officers of the Watch and their henchmen were well trained in tactics such as this—and in such a burst of desperation as the Southwark Mint.

They seized theameda and the woman. As the procession emerged from the lodging, with all the relatives and friends of the neighbourhood gaping outside, a sword dripping with blood was seen, held high by the same one of the law, as irrefutable evidence that murder had been committed.

This silenced the mob with a sensation of respect. According to an old record of the case, the wise Watchmen did this because they were afraid that the neighbours might "wring up" demanding recompence, under suspicion that the prisoners were debtors . . .

Richard Noble was charged with "wilful murder," and Mrs. Sayer and Mrs. Selbybury with having aided

and assisted him to the crime. The trials took place at Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, on March 26-27, 1933, before a large jury.

Noble and Mrs. Salisbury challenged twenty of the jurors, and Mrs. Sayer objected to no fewer than thirty-five. They had that right. But the juriesmen available were so many that it made no difference. The trial took place.

Records show that the Court sat continuously from six o'clock in the morning until one o'clock in the following morning. At that hour the jury left the box for "lunch recess—rest." After some heavy deliberation, they returned verdicts of "Guilty" against Richard Noble, and "Not Guilty" against Mrs. Sayer and Mrs. Salisbury.

Noble made an impetuous appeal to the Court to be allowed a little

grace in which to repent, receive his soul, and put his worldly affairs in order. The request was granted.

Religious persons signs of repentance for his gravous sin, he was hanged at Kingston-on-Thames on March 28, 1933.

The two women left for London, as free as the air, and with unfeathered characters—from the point of view of the Law.

What happened to them afterwards is not recorded.

The wifeless mother (who was probably at least half the cause of her daughter's wickedness) could not have survived much longer.

But London in Queen Anna's time was poor and unscrupulous enough to take Mary Sayer (see Nevil) back into the field of women of easy virtue, even though she had at least three deaths on her non-existent conscience.



"It's okay. She said I could go."

they

TRADE

their WIVES



JOHN CHARE

NOWHERE in the world are wives held in such low esteem as among the jungle Negro-Indian tribes of Marquesas, only a few hundred miles from the southern borders of the United States.

One of the strange customs of these Central American peoples is wife trading—men of each village being permitted to exchange wives at three-month intervals while inter-village exchange of wives also occurs four other times a year.

The village and inter-village "markets of wives" are so staggered that the native who has the whereabouts in either wives, gold nuggets, or gold,

can acquire and dispose of eight different wives in the course of a single year, at regular intervals of about six weeks apart. Naturally, many natives have wives of whom they are generally fond, wives whom they do not care for at all. Nevertheless, the custom of "triangular polygamy" is widespread among the interior jungle tribes, and represents a condition almost incredibly backward to civilized minds.

It was recently my privilege to visit some of these tribes, and observe the "markets of wives" as well as other strange customs first-hand. To begin with, I must first make it clear that

the conditions I found in the mountainous jungles are not typical of Honduras as a whole. Most of the population of about one million are in Mestizo or Spanish-Indian, and while among them prominently as still widespread, steady progress in education has led to an encouraging increase in permanent agriculture.

The increased stability of the family unit still does not apply in the almost inaccessible mountainous interior and along the so-called "Mosquito Coast," where white men seldom venture. While as they are to modern civilization, these areas remain among the least-explored on earth.

We reached the Mosquito Coast by way of Brewster's Lagoon, a strip of water some two hundred miles in length that is separated from the Caribbean Sea by a long sandy, palm-fringed strip of land. To make our way inland, we had to travel by mule—and frequent portages—up the swift current and rapids of the Patuca River, which empties into the lagoon.

The nature of Negro blood among these various tribes differs roughly with the distance from the coast. It has tended to improve the stock, the natives being taller, stronger, and more intelligent than the original Indians.

In my notes I find that the Negro-Indian mixture among the Miskito Indians runs about by chance. In 1920, a shipload of African slaves was wrecked off this coast, and the unarmed Negroes were promptly captured and enslaved by the Indians. The Miskitos found the Negroes to be nimble, intelligent, and of good physique, and intermarriage was soon permitted. Over the centuries, these ranks of escaped slaves also made

their way to this coast, where they interbred with the native population.

I was told that the original Carib Indians of this area were cannibalized in color. A colony in a small village on Brewster's Lagoon, I noted, were much darker, having the high chichibous of the Indians and the flat noses of some Negro tribes.

Indeed the Miskitos were much darker. Apparently these Indians, living along the mountainous headwaters of the Patuca River—on the one with the wife-swapping proposition. The first such tribe we visited were the Sibonos, who live in small villages of no more than a dozen houses.

Like the other isolated and backward tribes, the Sibonos are exceedingly primitive. They only tools are a few knives and machetes. They hunt with blowpipes which shoot clay pellets about the size of a large pea, and their marksmanship is unusual. Their women make clothing out of the inner leaves of bark. These people get plenty of fish from the rivers by the simple expedient of poisoning the water, using lethal plant extracts or alligator gall. Tropical fruits are plentiful. Their alcoholic beverage—which has real authority—is a brew of yucca, cassava, and orange.

The Sibonos are a violent, almost lawless tribe. There is no village authority—not even by a medicine-man. If a Sibono kills an enemy, he only fear is retaliation in kind from some male relative of the victim.

The mountain approach to marriage is like slavery, with the men "owning" the women and showing little affection for them. It is actually considered improper to reveal emotion or tenderness. Kissing is unknown. If a husband is consider-

ate of his current wife, it is usually because other men of equal or greater wealth desire her.

Under these brutal circumstances, it is little wonder that wives often run away. When this happens, the unattached husband merely demands from his previous husband the price he paid for her, plus the cost of her maintenance for the time she belonged to him. If the former husband doesn't pay up, a feud starts that may end in death.

There is one strange taboo in regard to getting rid of an enemy. A Sibono may wish to poison a man, but he may not kill him by blowgun unless the murderer immediately commits suicide.

The "Market of wives" always



"I can't see any reason why I can't go,
Charlie. Oh, oh, here comes our man."

recognition of temporary wives. On such a society, of course, the children are the property of the village as a whole.)

The same is true of constant partnerships. Both purchasers and sellers of wives try to outdo each other in yelling and shouting, in the theory that the man with the loudest voice and the greatest persistence can get the better of the buyer. Sometimes these negotiations are very complex; a poor Zemba, for example, cannot buy a new wife on whom he has not his fancy until he first gets the necessary capital by selling his old one.

These Zemba men are deadly serious. They know that if they fail to complete a transaction on the quarterly self-sacrifice day, they must wait another three months — unless they can afford to go to one of the inter-village markets. No Zemba will ever try to sell his wife at a private sale for "red dollars" will surely punish his flagrant "luxuriant."

When, as sometimes happens, young boys and girls fall genuinely in love with each other, they show their affection by refusing to eat together. Such a symbol of mutual liking or sharing a meal is not to be ignored, and they know that—regardless of the intensity of their addressed love—a possessed marriage is almost an impossibility.

A few other of the Zemba customs are worthy of notice. As might be expected, they have little idea of written literature. Importantly of the soul is totally beyond their conception. Education and religious instruction offer the greatest hopes of happiness to this strange, backward tribe who treat their women as mere chattels.

From the Zemba hierarchy we want on to visit another almost totally unknown tribe, the Payne. They are so isolated that linguists can find no connection between their language and any other known. Amazingly, they actually have two different languages, one spoken by the men and the other by the women.

In some respects, the Paynes are even more primitive than the Zembas. Like the Zembas, they raise no crops, being content to live off the jungle. They do not even have the crude wife-purchase-and-exchange system of the Zembas; the girls, once they have proven their ability to bear children, belong indiscriminately to the males of the entire village.

However, they have quarterly exchange of all the women of different villages — one of the most brutal practices imaginable; the sole redeeming feature being that the women exchanged do know each other and are not separated. The children are kept behind in the villages of the fathers.

It is almost incredible that such superstitions and practices still exist in such great degree on this continent. These conditions are not the fault of the Honduran government, which is doing its utmost to educate the people, improve their standards of living, and abolish backward customs.

On the contrary, they are primarily due to the extreme isolation of the more backward tribes, who are literally more difficult to visit than almost any other peoples on earth. Until helicopter, perhaps, video intercommunication — much easier, the jungle "markets of wives" and other barbaric customs are likely to persist.

homicidal



headlines

TWO MEN IN AN UNDERGROUND BAR WITH AN ARMED MANIAC WHO MEANT TO KILL THEM AT 8 O'CLOCK. IT WAS NOW 8:30.

FICTION

WAL WATKINS

THE Barfoot underground bar was peaceful in mid-afternoon. The radio was crackling, "I want to your wedding" to the sole drinker, a young lawyer. Then the other man came in.

The young lawyer saw his reflection in the mirror that ran the full length of the bar. The man had a must up and sat down beside him. "A beer," he told the fat barman, and the lawyer looked at him curiously.

The voice had sounded unnatural—over-sincere and strained.

The barman put a beer on the bar and the man turned and looked at the young lawyer.

The lawyer lifted his glass to drink,

and as he did, the radio stopped crackling and the maniac began talking.

"We have been asked by the police to broadcast the following message; Leslie Fay, a homicidal maniac, has escaped from custody and is being secretly sought by the police."

The glass clanged round to the lawyer's face as he listened to the macabre details. Height 5ft. 8, medium build, blead hair, blue eyes, a round and drowsy, and is particularly homicidal if frightened."

The lawyer's heart missed a beat. He dropped his eyes down the mirror, and looked straight into the crumpled face of a small review.

Suddenly, the Barfoot underground bar had become the stage for a tense drama. The fat barman raised polished glasses and gaped. The lawyer

TRROUBLE started in Robin's heart as soon as the new man arrived. He began going around to all After discovering that the place he commanded, he was sent for by Satan. Old Satan complained that his students were being worn in shadow. "Any one would think," he said, "that you were the place." The newcomer stared at Satan. "I do own it," he said. "My wife gave it to me on Earth."

lowered his head and looked frantically at the reflections of the closed door in the mirror.

Leslie Fay aiming the gun at the barman. "Give me the door key—quicks!" he barked.

The barman took the key from a hook and passed it slowly.

"Turn off the radio."

The barman obeyed.

Fay backed to the door, looked at, and pocketed the key. Then he returned to the bar and waved the gun over the two men. "Don't either of you move or I'll shoot you dead!" He jerked the gun at the barman. "Barman, are there any other ways of entering this bar other than through that door?"

The barman shook his head stupidly. "None, master—none."

Fay backed around the bar to verify this, covering the men as he did. At the far end of the bar he poised to investigate the narrow ventilation shaft which had drawn from the top bar. Then, satisfied, he walked steadily back to his captive,

wishing them clearly all the while. "Now," he said. "We're going to talk and tell you about myself." He leaned forward suddenly, the gun pointing out. "And you're not going to interrupt me?"

The two men nodded mutely and a smile twisted his lips. "You understand because you're afraid of me?" He came forward a few steps at a half-crash. "You're afraid of me because you know I'll kill you both without breaking an eyelid."

He stood a few paces in front of them, his eyes switching from one to the other. "I used to be afraid to kill men, but I'm not now! I could shoot both your brains out and laugh like hell. You know that?"

The lawyer had decided to try patience. "I believe you," he said quickly. "It would take courage, but I believe you have it."

The maniac backed a few steps. "You," he said. "One time I looked the gun to shoot a man. I stood over him with a gun and I knew that if I shot him I'd be sick, and if I didn't shoot him, I'd be arrested for murder." He began to walk to and fro in front of them. "I tried to shoot him. But my guts were in a knot and I couldn't do it. And the next morning the cops came and took me."

He spun about and advanced close to each of them. "They tried not to shoot. And they laughed at me! They laughed because I never had the guts to shoot a man and now myself!" The lawyer laughed, the newspaper laughed, and the world laughed!

He leaned forward aggressively. "But they don't laugh now. Nobody laughs at Leslie Fay now! They're all too scared to!"

He raised the gun suddenly as the

barman. "Leslie Fay has you laugh as I can shoot you! Go on, laugh!"

The barman stiffened, white-faced in the silence.

He swung the gun to the lawyer. "You! Leslie Fay has you laugh!"

He stepped back from them triumphantly. "Not You're like the rest of the world. You laughed when they tried me, but you haven't got the courage to do it now!"

He went to the center of the bar and leaned on it again. The crooked smile played on his face. "It's my turn to laugh now," he boasted. "The game is prove to the world how wrong they were. I'm going to show them I can kill in cold blood! And I'm going to laugh while I'm doing it!"

The barman's nerve cracked. "What're you going to do?" he bled.

Fay straightened up. "I'll show you, barman, I'll show you! There's a place behind the bar there. Get to there to it!" He waved the gun at the lawyer. "Leslie! Don't move an inch!"

The lawyer watched him down the hallway behind the bar. The lawyer's mind was in a whirl of remembrance. He was remembering the trial three years ago. The lawyer for the defense had built an excellent case. He'd shown the defendant as a dead-end kid years before,浪子, and making the tough-guy of movies. He'd shown him as a useful masterpiece which had won his way of thinking and crippled his studies.

At 30 the would-be tough had joined the notorious Black Gang. For three years he'd played a small part in that organization. Then they'd given him a gun and told him to shoot the one helpless witness who had seen him shoot down the armed bank guard in a moment of panic.

He had discovered then that he was not a man who could ever be the tough guy he'd imagined. In reality, he was a good man who had been carried away by his childhood whims which had twisted his young mind.

The defendant had wept and gone back in court. He'd challenged the judge to prove him a weakness. The gallery had laughed and the papers had played it up. Examination by psychiatrists had followed and he'd been confined to an institution.

Later, there'd been the repeated threats to get even with the world—the desperate bids to escape—the macabre killing of a person gored—and finally, his confinement as a harmless maniac.

Now Leslie Fay had the barman stand by while he called police headquarters. "Hello, police," he said. "This is Leslie Fay. I'm at the underground bar of the Bowery Hotel. I've got two men locked in here with me and I'll shoot them if anyone tries to break me. More just to prove I'm not kidding, here is one of the men to verify what I've just said."

He handed the phone to the barman, let him splutter his verification, then hung up.

Next he phoned the city newspaper. He told all six of them what was happening and hung up again.

"You know what I'm going to do now," he said. "The world to wait. In a few minutes the barman squad will be up there planning how to, take me! Also in a few minutes, the last editions will come off the press and newsmen will be telling the world. I'm here! The world will gather out there to watch and wait. And when they're all there—" He glanced at the clock over the bar. "Say at 6 o'clock, I'll shoot you two and start laughing."

The two men's eyes flashed to the clock. It was 1:30.

The bartender went a shade whiter and glanced apologetically at the lawyer.

The lawyer mustered his failing courage and cleared his throat. "And the reason you shoot, Fay, the cops will hunt in the disco."

"And I'll pick them off as they enter from around the corner there," said the homicidal maniac.

"They'll get you with numbers."

Fay nodded. "But I'll be lurking. I'll have proved myself."

Up at street-level six police cars had drawn into the kerb to discharge their cohorts of homicide men. Across the street, and on both sides of the hotel, small crowds were murmuring.

At the entrance to the Beaufort Hotel, Joe Morton, the homicide chief, was in earnest conversation with two men. One was the proprietor of the hotel. The other, a little grey-haired man, had been Fay's superintending psychiatrist during his confinement.

"It's that way, Doc," the chief was saying to the psychiatrist. "You got no objection of letting you go down in there with him? He's a homicidal maniac and he'd shoot you with as little compunction as he would me—much as you may be abominable you. Now here's what I aim to do: I'll go down there and talk to him through the door. If he won't listen I'll try sending a man to take him from the skylight."

"And if that fails?" asked the psychiatrist.

"If that fails, too, I'll let you try your newspaper charm."

The crowd was suddenly big and stampeding. The chief turned and waved to his men. "Sergeants! Get this place cordoned off! There's bound

to be shooting and I don't want civilians hurt."

He stood close against the wall and knocked. "Fay!" he called. "We Morton here!"

"Go knock up the stairs!" snarled Fay.

"I want to talk to you, Fay!" Morton called.

A shot cracked! Wood splintered and a bullet shattered into the nearest steps and whined away. Morton clambered back up the steps and waved angrily to his men. "All right," he barked. "Take him from the skylight!"

Fay's eyes lifted now to the clock. It was 1:30. He looked back to his apoplexy again. And as he did, the shadow cut the blinding light that was over him, and he looked up.

He lifted the gun in a dash and fired once, twice! The shadow stampeded and Fay still!

He jumped away from the bar with a little cry of joy. "Serge!" he shouted at the two hostages. "Thought they'd get me through there! See how I shot him?"

An after quiet settled on the bar. Fay stood alert, glancing alternately from the clock to the man. When it was one minute to six, he dropped into his theoretical half-crouch and approached them stealthily.

The lawyer rose dizzily on his toes. The bartender stiffened and took a deep breath! There came the sound of rattling and a paper thudded to the floor at the bottom of the ventilation shaft.

Fay stepped forward, gunning unashamedly at the tightly rolled paper. Then he went around his captive and picked it up carefully. He stood in front of them, covering them with the gun in one hand, and he shook

the paper out in the other. The last edition, it was, with the black headline:

CROWD LAUGHS AT FAY AGAIN.

The homicidal maniac backed away, his eyes narrowing as he read the opening paragraph. "Hundreds of people are gathered outside the Beaufort Hotel, baying for the second time at Leslie Fay, the would-be tough-guy. Fay has backed himself in the underworld here with two men and is driving police to anger. But short of homicide, Morton has no intention of entering. He has publicly denounced Fay as a weakling and has boasted that he will walk up unarmed and take the gun from Fay when he emerges."

"On being warned of the danger of being shot, Morton laughed and replied: 'You wouldn't have the guts to shoot an unarmed man, and I'll prove it.' The crowd's laughs are swelling as Fay continues his talk in the bar."

The paper fell from Fay's hand. He stood a moment looking at his prisoner. Then the twisted smile crossed his mouth and he unlocked the door and slowly descended the staircase.

He passed a few steps from the top, his attention riveted on the open sky he could see above him. Nothing stirred. He held the gun at his pocket and snarled again. Higher and higher, until he stood at street-level-looking into the circle of sub-machine guns.

He stood motionless, looking beyond them to the huge crowd of people. Then he dragged his eyes back to the homicidal man and snarled unceasingly there for the time he wanted. There was silence again. The

machine guns held steady on his railroad.

The lone grey-haired man stepped out and walked carefully towards the homicidal maniac. Morton's fingers twirled steadily around trigger, ready.

Leslie Fay sank into a dimly lit coach and glared at the approaching man. His gun came up a little. "Stop!" he shouted.

The psychiatrist came on, talking now. "You won't shoot me, Leslie, because I've your friend. I'm the best friend you've ever had. You know that, Leslie. It wouldn't be right to shoot me."

He was close. Leslie Fay's face contorted. "Don't come any closer!" he shouted hysterically. "Don't or I'll shoot!"

The psychiatrist stood before him. "Let me have the gun, Leslie," he said calmly. "That's a good man."

Leslie Fay was shaking all over, cowering before the little man.

"Let me have it and we'll go away together, Leslie. Just you and me. We'll go away from all these people and I'll talk to you like I used to. I won't let the police hurt you, Leslie. I promise you that, and I've never broken my promise to you, have I?"

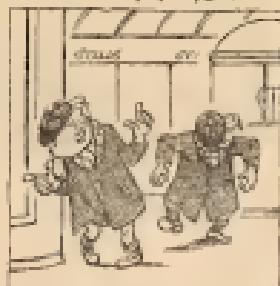
Slowly, Fay's gun hand fell down. Calmly, the psychiatrist reached out and took the gun. "Thank you, Leslie," he said. The spittle was still on his fingers and police relaxed.

Then he took his arm, and he walked with him. Out through the ranks of grim-faced homicide men, they walked. Out past where chief Morton was marveling at the power of a faked front-page on a newspaper,

CAVALCADE COMMENT

ACTION AND REACTION

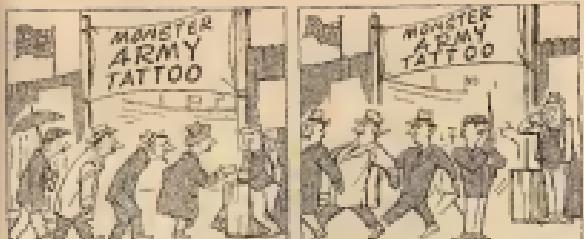
BY OUR CORRESPONDENT HAROLD



WE HAVE ALL HEARD TESTIMONY OF THE MILD EXPLOSIVE EFFECT THAT FILM-GOING HAS UPON THE JUVENILE MALE. — BUT



IS THIS EFFECT ENTIRELY CONFINED TO THE JUVENILE MALE?



OUR SPECTACLES ARE MEANT TO PRODUCE SIMILAR RESULTS...



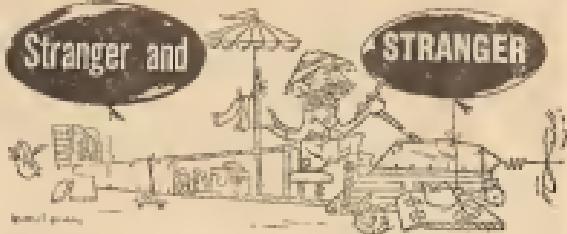
THE INFLUENCE OF THE CLASSIC DRAMA IS BEYOND DOUBT.



AND FINALLY — WHAT OF THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES?

Stranger and

STRANGER



HIBERNATION

Hibernation in animals is still a working solution. They have installed self-heating thermometers and other mechanisms beneath surfaces in an attempt to discover the animals' physical reactions. They found that the metabolism of the fur seals during hibernation is only a few miles away from death. They have only a couple of heart beats per minute and take only a few breaths every hour. They do not grow, move, eat or excrete. Yet if the animals are dug out of the ground, they are warm.

MECHANICAL WORKERS

A mechanical brain which works has been invented by the Raytheon Manufacturing Co. of Massachusetts, U.S.A. It is a digital computing machine which can compute 1,000 additions, 1,000 subtractions, 1,000 divisions, or 1,000 multiplications. It can store codes in its memory banks, the machine stops the invention describes this as "worrying" and the solution is revealed by subtraction of a pass. All the work done by the machine up to the error is preserved and the brain, after rectifying the mistake, continues its working until the sum is completed. The brain is called the Raydac.

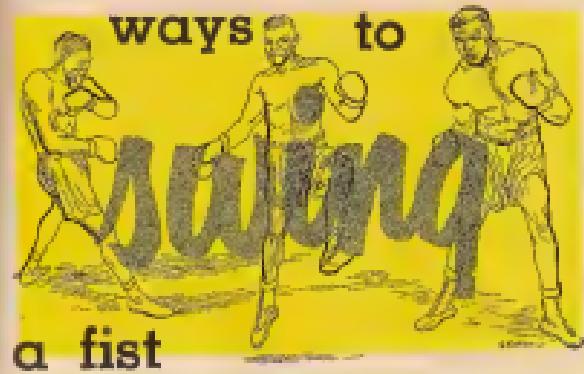
CONCRETE EVIDENCE

The New York Department of Public Works has discovered that the application of bituminous oil reduces the chipping or scaling of public highways. Slowly-dried concrete absorbs water or salt solutions until fully dehydrated. This takes five years. Water absorbed in winter is subject to freezing, freezing and thawing, which leads to disintegration of the surface. The application of the oil—1/16th of a gallon per square yard—keeps out the water and produces only temporary disintegration, which wears off within a year. The oil evaporates, leaving the bitumen and this does not leave any suspension on the road.

NUMBER PLEASE

In Japan superstitions regarding numbers is rife. Odd numbers are lucky, even numbers are unlucky. Special emphasis of bad luck is placed on the number "four." The word for four is "shi," which is also the word for death. If a Japanese girl tells you her phone number is 5-4-4, you have been had. That number means forty, eighty, deep dead, misery, deep dead, zero. The influential establishments have the lucky numbers, for example, the Imperial Hotel is 55-551.

ways to



Boxers have a choice of many fighting styles.

Usually it is the unorthodox which pays off

SAY MITCHELL

To the uninitiated there are only two styles in boxing—orthodox and unorthodox. The term "orthodox" is a loosely-applied term given to any boxer who is not a southpaw. Anyone who shapes up with left foot and left arm forward is commonly called an orthodox boxer, while a boxer who shapes up in reverse, that is with right hand and right foot forward, is a southpaw.

Strictly speaking, the common opinion is not correct. Styles vary to a great degree among right-handed and left-handed boxers.

The orthodox boxer is one who stands fairly straight, leads with his left, punches, evades, hooksmen and slips blows in strict accordance with the book. A "copy-book left" is a phrase commonly used by boxing writers in describing a fight. Copy-book is very pretty to watch, but un-

less the orthodox boxer incorporates something else into his mode of fighting, or at least modifies the unorthodox into his style, he will not reach the top—and stay there. (To over-argue, there are exceptions to every rule).

Other boxers read the text books too, and they can expect the "copy-book" boxer to make certain moves and they can lay traps. Of course, an orthodox boxer (provided he can take the occasional walk) he must take in a fight, no matter how clever he may be will always beat the fighter in his own class.

There is quite a difference between a boxer and a fighter. A fighter is one, usually with a heavy punch, who comes forward, intent on knocking his opponent unconscious, or hurling him off his feet. A fighter looks fierce. He is not necessarily a wild

slinger, who is another type altogether. Every fighter can box—in a curve—and every boxer can fight—to a degree. The slinger can only swing and as a rule must for the straight punch.

If a study is made of all the world champions of the past and present, it will be noticed that the greatest were, and are, unorthodox—men who did the unexpected—and it is the unexpected that wins fights.

To quote an example of the unexpected: Some years ago I handled a heavyweight fighter named Bill Warburton. One night, at Sydney Stadium—April 28, 1946, he engaged Jim Cudino, in one of the most thrilling bouts ever seen since the War. The contest was scheduled for eight rounds and for the first five the crowd yelled "Half houses" as terrific thunderbolts landed on both boxers.

Cudino was an amateur southpaw. Warburton, left hand and left fast forward, was a fighter, tough with a terrific punch and the ability to carry out instructions.

Every round I gave Bill different instructions so that Cudino and his seconds would not know what to do next.

In the interval between the terrific fifth and the ninth rounds, my advice to Warburton was as follows: "This time I want you to meet him in the ring center and throw a right at his jaw. He will immediately come back at you with a left hook. He is fighting the same right every round but, instead of countering that left hook with an inside right as you did last round, move back, clear the punch by, pass in front of you.

"Step in your left and forward with a right up to the body. Then step back and watch him fall. The fight will be over in a minute." When the bell rang he moved out

and followed instructions to the letter. He threw the right. Cudino did an expected-left hook. Bill swayed back, stepped forward and to the left in the one instant, nipping that powerful right to the solar-plexus.

Then he stepped back to watch Cudino. A look of agony came over the fighter's face as he realized then slowly he resolved on his heels and fell to the canvas—out cold. I looked at the clock. Exactly one minute of the round had gone.

Jim Donalid headlined the fight (which was only the supporting bout in the main card) in a Sydney daily and words of the fighting blow: "Warburton came out to flatten Cudino with a solar-plexus punch that would have won praise from master Bob Fitzsimmons."

There is no new punch in boxing and no new move. All have been done before, but there are so many moves that can be introduced unexpectedly and so many combinations of moves and blows can be performed when least expected, that an opponent is non-plussed.

Bob Fitzsimmons was being scientifically and systematically cut in pieces until the fourteenth round in his heavyweight title fight with Joe Corbett on Sept. 20. Then he unleashed his shift, brought up his arms with pile-driving force into Corbett's solar-plexus. Corbett went down as though pole-axed and the title changed hands one second later.

Newspapers wrote up Fitz as the discoverer of a new punch but actually that blow had been in use for over a century. But it was not used. Bob used it against Corbett. That is why it got the name "solar-plexus" punch. Bob said: "I just hit him in the belly and he folded up."

How often has it happened in boxing that "A" has soundly beaten "B",

and "B" has knocked out "C", yet "C" has been convincingly beaten "A"? Many times—and the reason is style. "A" could handle "B" style, but not "C" style.

To quote one case in hundreds:

In 1938 Max Baer knocked out Max Schmeling. Two years later Joe Louis knocked out Baer. Max Schmeling knocked out Louis in 1938. None of them contests showed out of the contemptuous improved. Baer and Schmeling in the Louis fights were a little past their peak, while Louis was on the way up.

More recently there was the George Burns-Frank Fleischer-Bud Smith set-up. Burns three times fought Fleischer and three times Frank was on point, the last twice being when he was Australian lightweight champion. Then Wallace Bud Smith came out here from America. He was rated the eighth best lightweight in the world by the National Boxing Association of America.

Smith made his Australian debut in Melbourne in opposition to Fleischer and he gave Frank a boxing lesson, inflicting on him a thorough bashing. So much so that a return bout was out of the question.

Smith had to be used again. His second called for three rights. So he was pitted against George Burns. Then we scored last lightweight blow our best victory.

The two met in Melbourne and Burns won a close points decision. They were rematched in Sydney and again George came rich with a points win.

Why? Fleischer three times proved Burns' master; undoubtedly Smith was Fleischer's master; yet Burns twice beat Smith. The answer is style. Burns had a beautiful straight left, and, if allowed to make the right, that left dictated the course of the

contest as in the Fleischer fight.

But Burns fought right up close, he took stock on Smith's chart and stayed false throughout the fight, hitting every of Smith's body and not allowing Fred to bring on his straight left.

That happened in 1938, and upon his return to U.S.A., Smith beat many good fighters and drew with a world champion.

Jack Dempsey incorporated a fast-moving croaking weave and proved hard to hit. Not only that, but his continual weaving from side to side with his feet made it difficult to know which hand he would use first.

Henry Armstrong was a tenacious fighter who never let up the several punches. He would stay very close to his opponent and hit wherever he saw flesh. His style was difficult to concentrate. Henry was and held simultaneously three world boxing titles and was the only champion in boxing history to do so.

Harry Greb and Jack Conwell were two of the most unorthodox boxers in history. Greb was known as "The Prancing Windmill" because he threw both hands in a never-ending fusillade-blows which travelled from any direction, from any range. Greb mostly closed, but all landed in the target.

Gene Tunney, who suffered the only defeat of his career at the hands of Greb, said, he would rather fight a human.

Conwell would speed into action and land ten to a dozen straight lefts so fast that his arm was a blur and all one could see was his opponent's head going back and forth, like a spool ball.

According to the good book a boxer should not stand with feet straddled and fist-held, while swaying

SAY IT WITH GLANCES

I saw her in the distance,
And distance lends enchant-
ment;
So they say; but coming
nearer
She needed no enchantment.
She was beautified by Nature
To a very marked degree.
And Dame Nature hadn't held
back;
One job of artistry;
For art whose admiration
Of works of art is scant
I became a beauty lover
To the point where I would
not;
And with full consciousness
I thought rather than neglect
her
I'd turn at once, to my
prime,
Into an art collector—
So I thought of words to
flatter her,
To speak if I got the chance
But all the flattery I needed
Was an instant needed glance.

—EX-REX

cause he was so fast and did so many unexpected things at unexpected times. He was the greatest welter-weight boxer that Australia ever produced.

The *Patrick, Australian* said for many years, was a southpaw, just as he was an australopithecus one. He shaped up sideways and moved like a crab. His extended right arm seemed to stretch across the ring. He was very baffling to his opponents and his terrific power of punch frustrated a large majority of the opposition before they solved his style.

Australopithecus would however, champion is a southpaw—the unusual type of southpaw. He is fast. Southpaws are notoriously slow-moving. Jimmy is like a normal human shaped up in reverse. His speed, allied to the southpaw stance makes his opponents do the wrong things.

Style plays a big part in success in boxing. If a man has a style that baffles his opponents, he scores a lot of victories, provided, of course, that he has the other requirements of a good or better boxer. Some men can handle various styles, but one will baffle them. Some—even champions—cannot handle southpaws. Some like a man who comes in and fights. This style shows the country puncher in good light. Others would rather fight boxers.

But there is one thing for young boxers to remember. While studying various styles of class champions, do not change your individual style to copy your idol. While his style suited him, it is not suited for you. It was his individuality which brought him success. But incorporate little moves and actions of these champions into your style. Practice them more until they come automatically to you, and fuse into your own style. But your own style is basically your own. Remember that.

panetts or when punishing. The book also states that a boxer should have both feet on the floor when punishing—in fact, at all times in the ring. A boxer didn't or didn't when mortified—he does not lift a foot.

Yes Carroll did all the things he should not have done. He took the book to steroids. Jack would stand taunting with hands at sides, while his opponent threw punch after punch at him. In a vain effort to hit him, Jack would leap into the air, strike with both hands while airborne—and get away with it. Why? Be-



DR. W. SCHWEISHEIMER

Here is a recipe for adding to your age. One of the ingredients—it don't come work when you native.

how you can live longer

A LOT is heard today about the art of growing old and staying healthy; of better care for old people of a later arriving age. Two new words have crept into the language—gerontology and geriatrics. The former is the study of the aging process and the latter is the treatment of older people.

Old people have not changed since their previous generations but a noticeable change in our social conditions has given an added interest to the aged and due to various circumstances, such as medical science improvement and the acceptance of the aged as individuals, not only young, have given longer life.

Within the last ten years, the expectation of life at birth has gained five years. Since the beginning of this century it has gained twenty years.

People live longer due to the improvements in the hygeine of everyday life. The housing situation is incomparably better for the mass of the people than in the Middle Ages or even half a century ago. The danger of epidemics and infectious diseases can be limited to most cases. Better nutrition and better social care can help to lengthen the average life.

Hence the average man will live to be 60, 65 or 70 years of age. Of course, he may develop one of the disease characteristic of older age groups—heart failure, arteriosclerosis, arthritis or cancer.

One of the enemies of the aged used to be diabetes, but a new world opened for diabetes with the discovery of insulin nearly thirty years ago. Diabetes are not actually cured by insulin but this miracle drug gives a substitute for the lacking secretion

A MAN crossed a bar with a parrot and caused much amusement among his friends. Some time later he was asked: "Did you have any success with the offspring of your hen-parrot?" The poultry farmer grinned. "My word I did," he replied. "I have chickens who come up to me every day when about to lay, and the signs 'When will I get it, mate?'"

at external glands and as long as bacteria are sterile, they will be as healthy as normal people.

I have a friend whose father died at the age of 80, due to diabetes. His son (my friend) has had the disease for twenty years, but at 60, he is as healthy as a man could be at the age. He has 25 grandchildren and is a good worker at his trade.

This is only one example of how things have changed during the last 20 years for older people. Diabetes does not spare the young, but in most cases it is an ailment of advanced years, starting after the fifty year mark. We cannot prevent people from eating diabetes when they grow older, but we can prevent them from bad consequences and dangerous complications, by modern methods of treatment.

Our goal, however, is not only to add years to life, but also to add life to years. People who live longer can enjoy it only if at the same time

they find satisfaction in life. Most important in this respect is proper food for keeping old people healthy, efficient and happy. A checking of food habits is recommended. Bad nutrition diminishes the efficiency of older workers. But we have to consider the fact that it is hardly possible to give up lifelong food habits in old age just to comply with some theory about food.

The British physician and philosopher, Lord Bacon, and in the 16th century: "To be hygienically and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and sleep, used to exercise, is one of the best precepts of long life." It is sound advice to eat temperately of a balanced diet at regular intervals and under pleasant surroundings.

Elderly people are more interested in their food and their digestion than younger people. This is well founded. The older we grow the more our happiness depends upon the proper functioning of our digestive organs—stomach, bowels, kidneys.

Dr. M. Gumpert, who is especially experienced in problems of old age, gives certain rules for the best diet for normal aged people. Here are some of these rules:

1. Stimulate the appetite by increasing the flavor of food. Make simple use of spices and odds like lemons lime and vinegar. (You have to be careful, though, with spices and salt in case of kidney trouble.) Make sweet dishes sweeter.

2. Prepare the food so that it can easily be chewed. If necessary, chop meat and mush or strain vegetables. This is important if the teeth are not good.

3. Don't give too large servings at a time. Form hearty meals and the heavy dinner at night. Three meals of approximately equal size

should be taken. A light supper should supplement the heavy dinner. The largest amount of food should be given in the middle of the day. However, people accustomed to have their main meal in the evening might suffer from such changes.

4. Rest is important also needs to protect the aging heart from overstrain. We know that the processes of digestion cause more activity for heart and blood vessels.

5. Elimination of waste through kidneys and bowels must be regular. Stimulating a slight change of the diet, more fluid or more fat may be sufficient to improve bowel movement, but this is a matter for medical care, not for inexperienced guessing.

Food for the aged should be rich in protein-rich, eggs, cheese, vegetables. For the normal aged person, every food that he likes is right. Not to be recommended, in many cases are raw or half-cooked meat, including "turkey scratch," hard-boiled eggs, overripe cheese, bread with a high content of cellulose.

Most elderly people can tolerate tobacco, coffee and tea to moderate doses. There is no general rule; every individual has to find out how he feels best with respect to coffee, tea and tobacco.

There are special diseases connected with old age, possibly due to the long use of sugar and tobacco. They may need care, and in many cases relief and cure are possible.

There is chronic bronchitis, with a persistent cough, a varying amount of sputum, and some shortness of breath. There are conditions of heart and blood vessels, particularly the coronary conditions, and arteriosclerosis. Medical experience can do a lot to help these people, and we

should never forget that the heart is an organ of really remarkable strength and patience.

Arthritis, an inflammation of the joints, is a disease the causes of which are hardly known at all. Rest, rest and certain drugs are helpful and recently treatment with cortisone and other hormone therapeutics are curatives of greatest hope proved to be helpful even in intractable cases of arthritis.

Cancer is a typical disease of old age. It is still a mystery—the great unexplored "X" in medicine. We do not know anything of the cause. Notwithstanding this fact, progress has been made in the treatment of cancer. Surgery, radiation and X-rays are the main weapons in the battle against cancer, and in many cases highly successful cures have been carried out.

Recently an interestingly optimistic view of the mental ability of older people has begun to prevail. This more cheerful attitude is based on scientific findings. Dr. W. M. Johnson emphasizes changes in the brain and other organs are not decisive for the change in mental behavior. The man who possesses a well-balanced personality, who takes life philosophically, and who has a wide range of interests, is likely to keep his mental faculties to a far greater degree than is the one who is not so well adjusted.

The old word, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," is both false and unjust. Old people can learn. Dr. E. J. Stiglitz has stated in connection with the old-age-trick-word: "In order to teach the old dog new tricks, it is necessary to know more than the dog." Older people frequently know more than the "teachers" and cannot be taught things they do not originally possess.

The fear of loneliness overcomes the fear of death in many old people. This is a difficult problem and can only be solved with kindness and a loving heart. If old people can live with their children without tension and with perfect adjustment, the better for everyone. That is not possible in all cases; it depends on the personalities of both old and young. Some older people are happier when surrounded by people of the same age. But you cannot generalize. Each case needs its own individual solution.

But one thing is certain: let older people work if they want to work. For many people work is life itself; they stay young and healthy as long as they work. For some time it was fashionable to recommend a man to retire at the age of 60. This may still have a sociologic basis to make room for younger people, but there is surely no preventive medical reason to recommend it generally to people advanced in years.

All our lives we work—from the time we go to school. It is a natural event of life. Our bodies, and brains, become attuned to one-to-exercise—and the consciousness of that activity keeps the working parts in order—either as the worker or a watch or a car.

If we carry a car or a watch and we do not keep it running in good order, it will deteriorate. The body works on the same principle. All people who have lived to great ages have been hard-working and continue their activities until they are well past the retiring age.

The solution seems to be to raise the retiring limit, instead of making a man when he reaches 60, give him an efficiency and a health test. If he is still healthy and proficient

at 65, let him continue in his job.

Sport is an essential in life, because it necessitates good physical condition, and because it is a relaxation from everyday work. Sport uses muscles that are not usually used in everyday work.

Naturally, as a man grows older, he cannot indulge in the strenuous sport of his youth. Then it is that he should adjust his sporting activities to suit his age. As he gets older he can no longer take part in strenuous pastimes. But he can take up other sports.

Rowing is one sport suitable for all ages. Old men of slender build and slow compete in this sport. Swimming is another sport suitable to all ages.

If you have been dismissed from your employment, do not treat the situation as the end of the world. Do your work for yourself; even at 60 is only yesterday in your own home. Perhaps you can make furniture, if you are inclined in that direction. If you are history minded, write short stories or novels. Distribute yourself to an eight-hour day. And prevent staleness with sport.

Gerontologists (those who study aging in all its aspects) and geriatrics (those who treat the diseases of older people) have been struck by the fact that very active and energetic men who retired at 65 in apparent good health, but without the will for retirement, do not live out the years allotted to them in life insurance tables. Men of 60, however, who never stop working, seem to approach more closely their normal life expectancy at age 65. That means only one, on the average, live twelve more years.

Let the older people work. It keeps them healthy and adds years to their lives.



she keeps on singing

BET MITCHELL

Around the world, Rose Beck, the greatest living coloratura soprano, has collected music lovers who hold her as unparable.

THE South African soprano was picked to hear the voice of one of the greatest singers in the world—German coloratura Rose Beck. The audience sat hushed only her lovely voice, but the singer, standing on the stage, could hear the smiling foot-claps behind her.

Without breaking the song, she moved slowly until she could see the name of the foot-clapper, a great bulldog had crawled slowly onto the stage. Keeping it in the corner of her eye she sang to the conclusion of the number.

There was a rattle on stage bands tried to get the dog over without attracting attention and disturbing the music, but the animal resisted all efforts, so go quickly, and curled up alongside the piano.

Rose Beck continued her singing. As she went through a coloratura aria the dog's ears went up and he became attentive. She went on to sing a lullaby—and the dog went to sleep with his head on her knee.

Nobody ever discovered who owned

the animal, where it came from, or where it went when, with the fall of the curtain, it snuffled away as peacefully as it had entered. It was just one of the curious things in the life of a concert soloist.

Rose Beck is not quite to be dismissed as "concert soloist." Her voice is the most remarkable on the stage today, with the amazing range of four octaves. She can take and hold the C above high C—yet for years in her early singing days, her range of voice remained, she was claimed as a mezzo-soprano.

That voice, which has provoked the loudest and longest burst of applause ever heard at London's Covent Garden, has earned her the title of the "German Nightingale," the "European Nightingale." Today she is called "The World's Nightingale." No singer has been honored with that description since the fabulous Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale who made a fortune for career-cover Burton by singing sweet classical music throughout America.

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During the last war, while Allied bombs strafed an Germany, Rose did the job for her country which singers and musicians all over the world did—the song against the bomb attacks on German audiences, and they remained spellbound in their anger while the raids went on. There were times when bombs were falling as close to the theaters that the curtains were interrupted while the audiences went to shelter, but they returned after the "all clear" to hear her finish her program.

During the war she also sang in Sweden and Switzerland, and devoted her voice to raising funds for the aid of undernourished children. Rose Beck is always ready to sing for charity because when she takes the stage, the disapproving blonde German isn't interested in the box office, but in the singing. With her, music really sold, this has been a pleasure.

Proving that music is bigger than race or politics, Rose sang her way into the hearts of the American occupying forces in Germany before the last tank was cold. She has sung her war around the world, and her gramophone discs are always in demand.

Her best-selling disc is "Vocal of Spring" by Johann Strauss, the jester-tyrant. This is one of her favorites, although she would prefer some of her operatic records, such as "Una Voce Poco Fa" from the "Barber of Seville" by Rossini, or the "Mad Scene" from "Lara Di Lammermoor" by Donizetti. But each of her dozen of recordings is eagerly snapped up by her millions of fans throughout the world.

Thousands of people in all walks of life have written to her.

From Hungary she received a letter from a listener: "Please come

and sing for us again," he wrote. "I have a school. If you come to Hungary please come on my vacation and I will show you the sights."

In South Africa a young Negro presented himself at the stage door and insisted on speaking to the prima. Marking Beck new her: "I like your singing here," the Negro said. "Please take that, I made it myself." She thrust a parcel into the singer's hands and ran out of the dressing-rooms. Inside the parcel was a pair of bed-sheets. A horrible tribute from the Negro.

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In Canada in 1941 she gave thirteen concerts in two months, and the following year saw her and Montreal well received and immediately she bought a home there and has lived there ever since.

But that did not stop her coming to Australia for a series of concerts. Yet, for all her fame throughout the world, she arrived in Australia practically unknown, except to the few opera and concert lovers who had discs of her work. She had rung with Joseph Schmidt and a dinner-table Australian audience long to realize why.

They saw a little girl, slightly over five feet in height, something under eight stone in weight, with dark-yellow hair, a good figure, natural blonde hair, and cheeks, without the expected sun and grotto, which radiated only with a pure glow.

Her coloratura songs gave audiences supreme musical thrill; her bor-

TO the dismay of the staff of an exclusive restaurant a customer sat down at a table and deftly tied the white napkin around his neck. There was a whispered conference in which the manager instructed the waiter not to hint the customer's feelings, but to make him understand, somehow, that it simply was not done. The waiter approached the customer and said: "Shame or laurel, sir?"

golden, mouth-breaking songs were a happy delight. And the sudden awakening in Lyons changed the singer's mood from shyness to creation on a twinkling. Her voice ran the full gamut of range and tone, and she brought brilliance to every note.

She opened her Sydney season with a cold, which may be one reason why an Australian critic criticized her interpretation of Schubert. "Who knows more about Schubert—a critic in Australia or a musician from Schubert's own country?" asked husband Horace. He added, "We lived through bombs, we can live through the critics of Sydney."

But the reception given Eva Beck, with the single exception, was an immediate recognition of the talent which had raised her to the top everywhere else in the world. Her musical critics say that nobody in the world can match her today in a coloratura soprano.

Born in the Spanish district of Berlin as Erna Weker, the singer

is perhaps unique in that when she entered the choir to continue her professional career under her married name, while most artists retain their maiden name, or a stage name. This she did, the name in compliment to her husband.

She was born of married parents, had two uncles, three brothers, and died most publicly at the age of nine with a church choir. At 16, determined on a singing career, she worked as a typist to save tuition fees, and studied singing in Prague.

She had her first professional engagements when famous conductor Bruno Walter engaged her as a soprano, and she appeared for a year in small roles in opera. Then she worked at Wiesbaden for two years, as a music expresso, and when she transferred to the Dresden State Opera House she was considered a lyric soprano.

It was here that she had her first starring role as Norma in "Don Pasquale," and during one of her curtain calls her voice gave up and up, exponentially, until she leveled off at the C above high C, to the amazement of everybody, including herself.

Her ability with high notes led to a newspaper reporting that her voice could create vibrations to shatter a glass, but that she denied.

"I have never seen it done; I have never heard an authentic report of it being done," says her husband, referring to the ancient legend that the human voice can, at a high enough pitch, shatter a glass.

At Dresden Eva Beck was prima donna in eleven operas in twelve months. And married to Horace Beck: "It was not altogether my voice; Horace liked me, too," she said.

"Loved you? I loved you from the

start?" Horace said. Both are tremendously proud of their happy marriage—and of their prowess in the kitchen, where each reveals that the other is the better cook.

It was after she had made her first recordings in Dresden in 1934 that Eva Beck realized that she could not divide her time between opera and concert platform, and had to make a choice. She chose the latter, and named Dietrich, Berlin, Berlin and Horace as her favorite operatic companies. Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Johann Strauss as her concert favorites.

It was as a concert artist that she toured Europe and had the foundations for her fame, and since the war it is as a concert artist that she has

found a ready listening audience in every continent, and in many countries of the European world.

If there has been any delay in the universal recognition Erna Beck has received for the quality of her singing, it is because just as she was achieving stardom maturity her career was limited by the outbreak of war, and it was a long time from then before she could begin those concert tours which have exposed the world, at last, with the quality of her voice.

She returned from Australia to Montreal, and undoubtedly from there to other cities, when unknown, other countries. She is the greatest soprano in the singing world since the proverbial Jenny Lind.



The Woodland Sylph

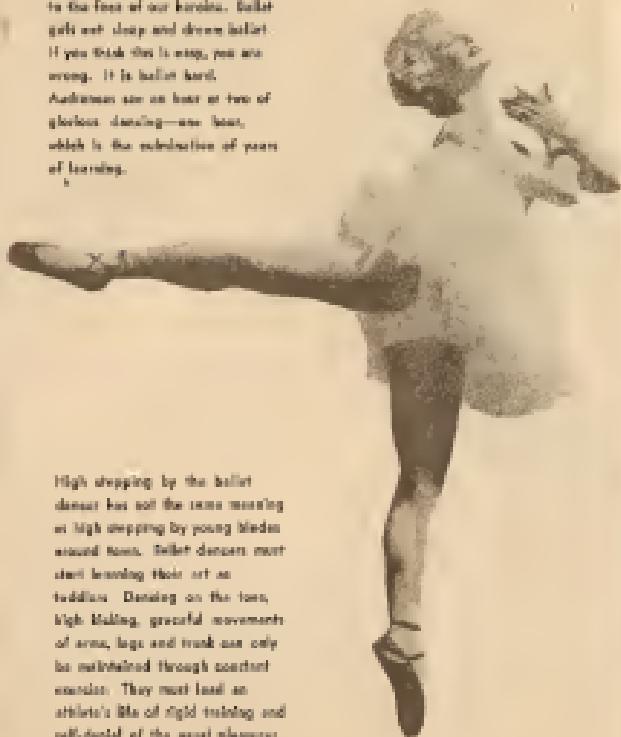


Ballerina practice for hours each day for years in order to perfect their art on the stage. In practice they dance at home—in the bedrooms, with other members of the ballet, in rehearsal at the theatre. The blonde ballerina wanted to capture the right atmosphere for a woodland scene, so she drove to the country. Here she is changing into ballet costume.

into the ballerina skirt and on with the shoes. Our blonde will soon be ready. There are so many ballets, each requiring different costumes, that there is constant need to rehearse each ballet until the girls know the parts thoroughly. "The Sleeping Beauty," "Swan Lake," "Giselle," "La Boutique Fantastique," "Sylvia," "Nights of Ibiza," "Capriccio Italiano," and many others move into the repertoire of the ballet dancers.



The joyful feeling of freedom and the knowledge that she has conquered the difficulties of her role, bring the artisteappiness to the face of our heroine. Ballet girls are sleep and dream ballet. If you think this is easy, you are wrong. It is ballet hard. Audiences are an hour or two of glorious dancing—no less, which is the realization of years of training.



High stepping by the ballet dancer has not the same meaning as high stepping by young blades around town. Ballet dancer must start learning this art as toddlers. Dancing on the toes, high walking, graceful movements of arms, legs and trunk can only be maintained through constant practice. They must lead an athlete's life of rigid training and self-denial of the usual pleasures of late nights and parties. Ballet dancers are always fit.



hold your pose, KILLER!

THEODORE FINE • FICTION



When a blonde coffee cupped off Clydie, he was modeling for a murder dash, his art never cracked him to name the killer.

AT THE History of Painting class, Clydie Rennier went to the library and groused silently over a big art book. What the hell, he grumbled! He should care whether Leonardo Da Vinci had painted Mona Lisa or September Moon! A fellow who has gone through three years of GI ratings and hell in those war theaters isn't apt to be wild about art theory! All he wants is a practical education that'll guarantee him a decent living so he can

ask that Missy-eyed girl Vick how to marry him. What's he went with all this?

She o'clock, Rennier slipped the book shut and stood up, yawning. He was small and wavy. His hair was reddish brown and curly. His eyebrows were darker than his hair, and his eyes were now a stormy blue color. He had a long, straight chin with a dimple in it that was sometimes misinterpreted. All in all, he wasn't a bad-looking guy.

On the white library steps he lit a cigarette, then ambled toward his cheap room, not too far from the campus. He dropped in at Fat Joe's Spaghetti Palace for dinner.

Fat Joe gave him a big grin. "Spaghetti and meatballs coming up, Sargeant?" he chortled.

Clydie Rennier nodded soundly. "And a bottle of beer. And say, Joe. You ought as easy on that sergeant stuff. I'm master now, okay?"

"Okay, okay," Fat Joe's chortle wobbled merrily as he dashed up the sloping stairs. Noticing Rennier's gloomy look, as he cracked open the art textbook, Joe added frantically, "What's a matter? He feel so good? Too much study, eh?"

Rennier snorted bleakly. "Too much art, boy, Joe. It sure here that Prussian Blue was discovered in 1784 by a guy named Elshbach, in Berlin. It is a complex compound of iron and cyanogen. And cyanogen is very-potent, you know."

Fat Joe looked quizzical. "That's art? Great guy, eh?"

Clydie Rennier winced. "Not for you people, Joe. I want to be an industrial engineer. Can you tell me why in the name of seven curdled eggs I have to learn how to mix Prussian Blue?"

This G.I. Bill of Rights was great. Sure it was. It was giving him a chance he'd have never got any other way. He wanted a shaggin' from this galley. It would never be a let. But why did the college staff figure a guy needed to learn a lot of dry, ancient stuff like this for? It beat hell out of him.

He ground out his butt in Fat Joe's ashtray for Joe. Fat Joe cracked his fleshy lips. He looked uncertain. "Maybe—maybe all that will come in handy sometime. No?"

"No?" Rennier grunted and dove in.

to his chair in suspended silence. He still had that lookin' of frustration when he finished his creative art. Art? When am I going to do some practical art, he growled to himself.

He passed over a dollar to Fat Joe, returned his change and walked out.

He turned the corner and walked up the steps to the place he called home—silly a temporary home, he hoped.

His drawsy-haired landlady ran him at the door. She was tanky and backboned. She had a nose like a sanguine olive out. The glint in her yellow-fringed eyes told Rennier she was about to do her hooks into him about something. Maybe she'd found that pict of Old Master where he had sat behind the howitzer, in case of make belate.

Rennier wouldn't say it comes by in L.A. these days. Even that slouchy salisbury-looks-overlooking-a-mean-of-backyards filled with pugnacious looks and snarling tails was worth its weight in butter.

"Where Rennier?" Mrs. Grunnenst screwed up her tight mouth like she had been sucking lemons all day. "If it's that boutonniere," Rennier said, "I get it in case I caught ya sleeping under those gauzy-blacks you call blenders."

She gasped. "Mister Rennier, there's a girl in your room!" She talked like a child was something you sprayed DDT on.

He perked up. "Best news I've had today," he told her. "Who'd she drop from?"

"That," snarled Mrs. Grunnenst, "is just what I been asking you! She didn't come in the front door, I know that much. I know because I was expecting the ice man, and..."

Clydie was updating up the stairs. "Blonde, I hope?" he cut in.

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"I never saw much of her, just through the back window. Yeh. She is blonde. Dyed, of course."

Clyde Rouser grinded down the stairs well off her. "She sounds okay by me. I go for blonde."

He stepped breathily down the smoky hall, and inserted his key in his door. Vicki. She was there all right, huddled in his desk chair by the window. The window was open, and the wind was blowing her silky hair hair.

"Well, this is quite a—" He bright remark down when he noticed how pale and strained her pretty face was. She didn't move, either. Blonde Dyed, of course. Only Rouser would have spelled it D-I-E-D.

He took a deep breath, then moved across the room. She was a honey. Even wrapped in a lace shawl as she was, it was easy to see she had a shape in a million. Gently touching her hand, the robe loosened. Rouser saw she was dressed in a close-fitting, belting out top that was vitally green and red, and looked like a sunset. One hand was tightly clenched.

At the best over top he noticed a faint and painful alcove. It wasn't perfect. It was Scotch, Scotch and something else. Something that reminded him of—of—of—peaches. It meant something to her. Creeped.

That meant something else to him. When he saw the blue carnage across the top of her long, expressive lap, he clucked. Blah. Frowns. Blah.

The shape of his landlady's honey feet down the hall made him realize she was coming in. It wouldn't do.

The girl was dead. He didn't figure it as suicide. There wasn't any hate in her hand. There wasn't any clue to who she was, neither at all in her one little pocket. It looked red. A hot-number blonde found dead in

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curly chestnut hairlets. It was when he went to the barber. You know. When the barber is finished with you, and holds up a mirror to show you what kind of a job he has done.

The man in the picture was Bonner!

This was *meekness*! This was the bitter edge!

Bonner shook his head gravely. He hauled a lump up close, raised hand at the man in the picture. The figure in the painting had a maul just a little to the left side above the collar of the brown tweed coat he was wearing.

Bonner, maul? Bonner's brown tweed coat!

A sound of the studio door made him spin. A short fatish man stepped through, saw him, and blushed. Bonner recognized Redazione Frye from his pictures in *Miller*, the gentleman's magazine. Only Frye wouldn't bring a gentleman right now. He was holding an automatic revolver pointed at Bonner's head.

"Ridiculous talk for the sort of night work, eh?" he said, in a rich, English-accented voice.

"What sort of night work?" Clyde snarled.

"Surgeon. Second-story work, I believe it is called."

Clyde grunted. "You got me all wrong, pal." His muscles tightened under his coat as, still snarling, he moved closer to the artist.

"Just stand where you are," Frye ordered. "And sitzze me by putting your hands up. Way up."

Clyde Roscoe sighed as he obeyed. So Roscoe Frye had killed his model. He had even put it down on cover firm, excluding the man he planned to take the rap for it. The longer Roscoe was a pig, of course. What could be easier than dropping down the suspected killer as a patsy. Dead suspects can't do much to defend themselves.

Roscoe decided to play for time. "You painted this picture?" he queried.

Frye nodded.

"Your size was to catch the blonde's manner on me, I suppose. But it's easier. You don't think the cops will fall for it, do you?"

Frye's light eyebrows went up. "Mander?"

Bonner grunted weakly. "You don't know a damn thing about it, of course! You don't even know your favorite model was bumped off with Scotch and cyanide, catch him here the next over in my range."

Frye put on a good act. He looked genuinely surprised. "Christine—murdered?"

But he overplayed his part. When the gun dropped briefly, Bonner took a chance. His cold hands carried him across the room as Frye before he could shoot.

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It didn't last long. Frye was soft as mush. A left cut sent him sprawling in the floor. Bonner uncocked the gun, pushed the artist up by his coat front, then dropped him in a big chair. Frye slumped there, unconscious.

The co-writer hung over him weakly. "Arrested?" he croaked. "You didn't even have the safety released." The law stated "He wouldn't give packed powder."

Frye made a snoring protest. When he tried to get up, Bonner shoved him back in the chair. "Before I call the cops," he said, "you're going to answer a few questions. And you'd better make it good."

"What do you want to know?" Frye quavered. He looked like he might hurl any moment.

"Start at the beginning. You're a legitimate artist. You've never pulled down a fancy award with these Matisse sketches. That blonde who was killed was your pet model. The name was Christine. Besides being your model, she was—well?"

Frye's eyes widened. "No! You're all wrong if you think—I'm married!" "Huh?"

"Christine was married, too! She was violently in love with her husband. His name is Dwight Foley. He's smooth, handsome as they come. But shortly he had. He's been living off her for years, spending all her money and wanting more. But Christine was the best-hearted woman I have ever known. She wouldn't listen to a word against him."

Bonner snorted. Frye looked very anxious to convince him. Too anxious, maybe. "All right," Bonner conceded. "Suppose we skip that angle. Christine was your model and that's all. And you ain't a big bad wolf?"

Frye snorted shakily. "Do I look like

one?" It so happens I love my wife Furthermore, I don't know what this is all about. I had no idea Christine was dead. I'm very uneasy about it. I carry a little revolver. When I saw a light in here, I naturally suspected burglary. Who are you, anyway?"

Crook told him steadily. His mind was busy. This could be on the level. Then there was Christine's husband. What about him?

Bonner's eyes roved the room. There were several other things he had subconsciously noticed while he was dozing about, seeing himself in that picture. The picture itself had a name at the bottom. It was like that. *Prussian blue*. That, Bonner decided, was where Christine got the paint on her fingers.

On Frye's artist's bench were rows of bottles and cans and powders. Bonner picked up one. It read, Cynogen. What he had read in that history of art book filtered into his mind.

Cynogen is composed of carbon tetrachloride with nitrogen, and is known to constitute one of the most powerful poisons . . .

Good artists often mix their own colors. Bonner had groped his way through several lessons on art chemicals. Some of what he learned had stuck. He thought of Pat Joe Phillips and groaned.

On the bench he noticed something else. A cocktail glass, half full. He smelled a *Prather*. This, then, was what Christine had drunk. He snorted. Why didn't the killer hit the eye? It was sensible! Wouldn't that have been the smart thing to do? Let them think she was disoriented about her crazy husband or something.

He noticed the telephone at his elbow, lifted the receiver. It was

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dead. The killer was very thorough. All this added up to one thing. Except that Cheshire's body was found in his room across the yard, everything pointed to Rosemary Frye as her murderer. It pointed so definitely at Frye that—

His thought processes continued when he noticed something else. In the ice cabinet by the maid's stand the kitchenette cupboard was rattling. Why? Must be for one reason only. Someone had opened the steaks down and stopped quickly as—

Before Banmer could turn a dark stare going on her, he caught a blurred glimse of a hand, clenched fist. Then he was flung back hand against the bench. For a few seconds everything trembled, deserted and away.

He passed out quickly, but a strong hand seized the neck, dropped him down again. He shut his eyes, shaking his head savagely.

Then he looked up to see a tall man in an overcoat pointing Frye's gun at him. He was cool-looking all right. But there was a twinkle in his mysterious eyes and a glint to his clenched brown eyes that made Clyde Banmer's stomach growl. How he hated that certain type!

Banmer lost his head. With a groan, he leaped. So sudden was his attack that the oily character shot high. The bullet sang Banmer's early top. Then he was on the sewer, slapping with all he had. It made him happy to feel the impact of his hand on cleaving that pink, collagen-stuffed skin.

The stranger lost his gun, but his feet put up a clever delivery. And his left knee took an edge. But Clyde's blood fury made up for it. He went one-man running on the bathroom rug until the stranger yelled for Frye to get the gun he

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had dropped when Besser averted it.
Frye made no move. But then, from a doorway, a cold droning voice said hoarsely, "That will be enough!"

A whining bullet screeched Clyde's cheek unheeded that request. The big man stumbled back, and Besser saw the woman she was all, stricken again; her black hair was pulled into a halo. But there wasn't much that was tragic about the set of her pale lips and the icy gleam in her black eyes.

She looked about again. Clyde groaned. They would hit closer. She held a miniature pearl-handled revolver, and had already demonstrated her ability to use it.

Looking at the big, bandaged fingers, and then back at her, Clyde found things converging in his mind. Now, he thought, he knew who killed Christine, and why. As for the other questions puzzling at his brain, they'd clear themselves up in due time.

"Listen, Frye," Besser found himself speaking at the pretty little man in the chair. "I know who killed your mate!"

Frye stiffened.

"Go on," the dark lady said. "We'd like to know who it was."

"The killer got the idea from that picture you were making, the idea that of Christine was killed in your studio, you would take the rap. It was a natural. Artists know their chameleons, they know potassium cy-

trich and how to mix it. "Sure you could tell the cops there was nothing between you and Christine. But who would believe you especially if somebody who was directly concerned swore there wasn't. I believe you. Because I was caught in very much the same position as you were intended to be, with a pretty blonde corpse on my hands!"

The bandaged stranger started at him with doubled fist. The dark lady said, "No, Dwyer!" He fell back.

"Why not?"

"Let him finish, first."

Clyde Besser snarled in a deep breath, went on. "Christine was confined here in this room. The killer got the telephone wire, so he couldn't call for help. The killer left her here for dead. Not being an expert on chemicals, the killer's dose wasn't quite right. Christine never saw it off.

"She knew she was dying. Maybe her mind was working properly. She stumbled down the steps, into the yard next door, through the kitchen door of Mrs. Gilmour's rooming house, and up to my room. Sounds nuts, but—"

"I think I can tell you why she did that," Frye said, his voice soft and strained. "Christine and I had seen you often through your window. Ever since you moved there."

"Christine liked you. She called you her boy friend, even though she knew

she would never meet you. She always said you were the kind of young fellow she ought to have married. She realized that. And she said you were a real soldier, and would be a good man to have around in case of trouble. I think, without knowing it, or really knowing you, Christine was in love with you."

Clyde swallowed hard. He felt a funny lump inside, remembered Christine's pathetic twisted face.

"Yeah," he said thickly. "That's why she was there. She thought of the total waste he, she might pass out. Anyways, she also was to invite you. Get rid of you. Get rid of her, too, and get your money."

Dwyer Foley whirled on him.

"Why you stupid old soldier! What do you mean by suggesting that?"

The dark lady stopped him with a gesture. "No, Dwyer! He's too late. They've left it. We'll have to get rid of them both. Make it look like their that each other."

Frye got up from his chair now. His hands shook. His face was very pale. He stared at the big man with foolish, hurt eyes. "So it was you! You killed your wife, and then—"

" Shut up!" Foley screamed.

He grabbed up the gun on the floor and started blasting. A slug cut Frye's shoulder. He crawled.

The diversion was all Clyde needed. He closed in like a bull of fire. He got pasted the gun back before Foley could shot. Frye again. Besser passed the big man between him and the dark lady's splitting revolver.

He screamed bloody curses, tried to aim close for the heart of Dwyer, as they grappled for that gun. Foley landed a smash of the gunbutt across Besser's face before he dropped it. Pain, washed through him suddenly. Tasting his own blood. Besser liked

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up hidden reserves of hate-driven
muscle and plucked the big guy over
Frye's chair, where he went to work
on his pretty face.

He forgot the dark lady, but it
didn't matter. About that time the
door cracked in and the studio was
alive with noise. Breathing the
hitting next door, the noise had
brought them running.

The dark lady sped across at him
until they diverted her attention
from the room. Romeo went over to
Frye, who was gazing fixedly out
that day in the shoulder.

"She's a good woman, Romeo. It's
that smooth talk Dwight Foley
had her," Frye boasted shrilly.
"He worked poor Christine until he
flamed out a tuber angle. Mel He
decided to cash in on my money
through my wife, as you said."

Romeo hated to do it, but he set
his lips and said, "Sorry, friend. But
it wasn't Foley who passed Christine.
He's the kind who gets his
women to do his work, including
dirty work. Passing is a woman's
weapon. I know she did it in the
stepped in the room."

Frye growled, "But are you sure?"
"About that picture with me in
it," Romeo croaked. "I got it now. It
was a gag. You could see me over
across the way, by my open window.
My back was towards you. You
used me for your killer model."

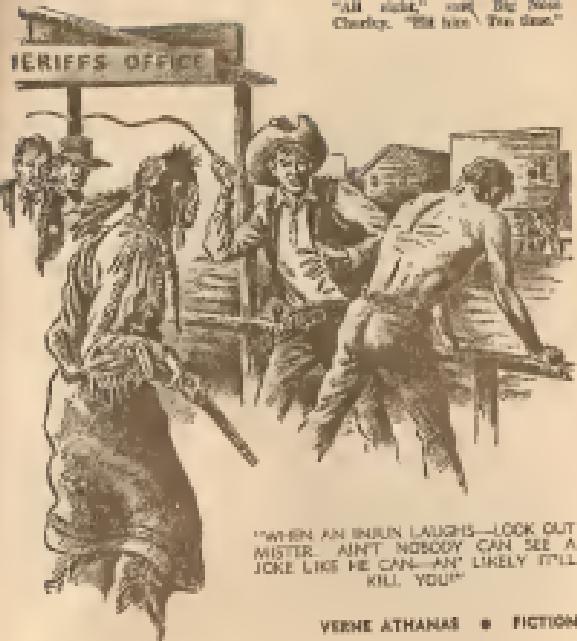
Frye nodded grimly. "Yeah. That's right. But about Evel. Are
you sure she killed Christine?"

Clyde Roosevelt's fingers did into his
pocket and brought out something
he'd forgotten to give the cop, but
which, he guessed, would be Exhibit
A in a murder trial before long.

"I found her circled in Christine's hand," he told Frye.

It was a lady's bangle, and it was
black.

"All right," said Big Nose
Charley. "Hit him. Two down."



"WHEN AN IRISH LAUGHS—LOOK OUT
MISTER. AIN'T NOBODY CAN SEE A
JOKE LIKE ME CAN—AN' LIKELY IT'LL
KILL YOU!"

VERNE ATHANAS • FICTION

My Brother, Smile

I KNEW Big Nose Charley ride in
—and that was about all the tip-off
I needed. A little silence went
downing up my back-bone like the
first time I ever heard the drum at
a Shoshone scalp dance. I don't know
for sure what I had in mind, except
maybe I wanted to stop it if I could
but I was too far away, and moreover
kept me from snapping out.

You see, Big Nose Charley was all
dressed up in his best bib and tucker



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Her shod and bound, silk shirt and quilted breastplate, bound leggins with hair down the arms. Which probably wouldn't mean a thing to you unless you know the Shoshoni. When a Shoshoni comes up to the trail like he's ready to make war or not satisfied or the, and it happened that Big Nose Charley was already married—and he had his old fifteen-shot Henry under his blanket.

I guess as him, but not enough—not wanting to run—and I was still behind when he walked into Mrs. Gruen's office.

I tell you he done it smooth. I was on the porch by then and seen it. Big Nose Charley walked in and Sam looked up and went still as a poker, but Charley walked right on down the room without as much as a glance at Sam, and Sam relaxed. Charley had a close cut, very from the well, and sat down—and Sam and his deputy was caught. Detached. The Shoshone was across Big Nose Charley's lap and his hands was on the hammer.

He never flinched at it then. He didn't have to. Them two knew Charley. He could hit a running rabbit from a moving train ten times out of ten at fifty yards.

Charley said, conversational, "You take off yours."

I thought Sam was going to cry. His face pinched up like he'd tasted something bitter, and he swallowed a time or two, but he stood up real useful and undressed his belt and let his leather fall. Dad Powers, his deputy, done it, too.

Then Charley said to Dad, "You get Little Big Man."

That was when I stepped on the door and said, "The girls need to, too here." That's what the Shoshoni

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1953 and
1954

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March 21, '53
A Coffin Outlasts

March 22, '53
I never had such courage in my life, nor such low morale. I am, and have much reason to, with. My supervisor and controller of school has improved considerably. I am very happy at my understanding the Course of the Glenelg Anti-Corruption Department.

March 23, '53
For over fifteen years previous day I thought possible. If I were to, or, or possibly this I'll have my Engineering Diploma by the end of the year quite easily. And as while I am on the road of climb, the whole thing over—\$100,000. David Brown.

March 24, '53
The Positive Outlook

March 25, '53
My mind has been "tangled" on many points, especially on the positive and positive attitude—\$111,000. Arthur.

March 26, '53
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March 27, '53
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to send the Pelman Course
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Prepared Me for Politics

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March 30, '53
A Coffin Outlasts

March 31, '53
Thank you for all the assistance you have given me. I have had a re-education in terms of confidence and in memory and willpower. The course organizes all that is necessary for broad a field and leaves no room for jealousy. Stanley Stevens.

April 1, '53
A Coffin Outlasts

April 2, '53
My courage and persistence are much better. I am free of the grade and
from my imagination and talents. In
however feelings give me the confidence and
and self-confidence and self-confidence
and self-confidence. I have gained
confidence. My confidence, however
self-expression, judgment, handling, self-
confidence, and memory. I have a
much higher position—\$100,000. Eric
Ward.

April 3, '53
A Coffin Outlasts

April 4, '53
My mind has been "tangled" on many
points, especially on the positive and
positive attitude—\$111,000. Arthur.

April 5, '53
I did work on my education on the
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April 6, '53
The Positive Outlook

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CALF LOVE

She sighed as she pulled off a glove.
He was hopeless, the farmer told.
She wanted soft words of love,
But his character made her nod.
"You farmers are all the same," she said,
"Cattle, not girls, are your glory."
"I'll see you when a cow you need—"
But that is an older story.

RAY - ME

Still he didn't look at me. "I ask you as my brother," he said back to Shoshone.

I looked at him. "He wants me to get Marklow and Brannigan," I said. "What do you think?"

I held Shosh just as responsible as anybody, and I guess he got a lotta of it from my tone. He looked at Big Nose Charley, and he swallowed a couple times and then he said in a hasty voice, "Makke you'd better go fetch 'em, Arne."

So I went down in the Stockmen's Bar and invited out Harley Marklow and Chappie Brannigan. I never told them no lie. "Wouldn't want you up to his office," I said, and they grunted and headed up that way. I wasn't sure I wanted to see the rest of that, but I tagged along. You know how it is—some things you don't want to see, but you can't stand not looking out how it all comes out.

Crash, you see, Big Nose Charley had reason enough to have the grin of three hawks in hell and back, and round you, Charlie was all Ippen and no kowbell Agency Indians at that. Charlie could remember when that was all his country.

Big Nose Charley. The Stockmen was all bunched into the reservation, and me, I scratch a living out of a little sheep ranch. And Big Nose Charley was a kind of a rebel. He got tired of 'em all the agent if he could go hunting, and he skinned on the starved beef they dished out over there, so he just married out, him and his women, and thrown up a little shack on Brinklow Creek, and Charley done a little hunting and a little trapping and a little horse-breaking—wonderful rider, Charley—and he got by that.

Most people think an Indian is a poker-faced critter with a wolfishness,

called me—little Big Man. You see, my woman's a Shoshone, and me and the Indians got along fine. Get along pretty good with everybody, far as that goes, even them in cells we square nose. Of course, I got a couple advantages—being about green as an apple at these jobs—poly—over—borders, I can remember when that whole blessed country wasn't nothing but all pasture, besides which I never seen the day when I weighed more than a hundred and forty pounds wet and a rock in each pocket. A little rain don't much of a target even for a bully—and when with grey whiskers, I'm still nimble enough to make most of 'em think twice.

But Charley never even looked at me now. He said, "Little Big Man, you girl know 'em and big pants." That brought me up sharp and I got a cold feeling in my stomach.

I asked in Shoshone, "What do you want with these, Walking Bear?"

52 CAVALCADE December 1953

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hurt made it worse, but he brought blood every kick, and Brannigan, was on his train when it stalled.

Big Nose Charley grunted again, and held out his hand. And Mathews walked up and laid the quart in his hand.

Mathews broke first. He looked down, and then he whirled away, walking like a blind man, got a hand under Brannigan's arm and hoisted him up, and they went down the street together, never looking back.

Charley turned his eyes onto Ben Galt and his deputy, and they were the neatest looking pair I ever want to see.

They staggered back and let him by. I don't think they really started breathing again 'till he was twenty feet past.

I followed him. I had a hunch that while the outlaws were off, the town wasn't going to be so glad for me. Charley walked on down to his pony and riding up, I got my gun and caught him.

He never said a word. A mile went by, and then I said, "Charley, where are you going now? You'll never live through a night at your cabin."

He straightened and I knew he could write a whole book with just a touch of his shoulders. He just didn't give a damn.

After a while he said to Shoshoni, "I am going to the Agency. Little Big Man." Then he started to laugh. He let out a whoop that shook my ear clear off the roof.

I wouldn't be so laughing now. "What a hell are you laughing at?" You damn fool, they'll have your neck in a rope for that!"

"No," he said. "Maybe they burn my shack, and raise dust, but I go to Agency. Women already gone. I go to Agency, be good Shoshoni.

Agent won't let 'em take me." Then he doubled up on his saddle pad and burst on his laugh with his fist.

"Little Big Man," he cracked out to Shoshoni, "did you see those two bladders of pride beat on one another for the amusement of the Shoshoni?" He laughed till the tears came.

I said, pretty near, "Friend, you are in big trouble. You should know that you cannot hold men under a gun to make them beat one another. Besides you put the gun on the sheriff and his deputy, and he is in the whale root's law. He will speak with a long tongue to the Agent."

"Yes," agreed Charley, wagged the bone off his shoulder. He didn't sound a bit sad.

He sobered up a little, but the corners of his mouth still quirked.

"Little Big Man," said Big Nose Charley, "did I point the gun at them?"

"You didn't need to," I grunted.

"They've seen you about?"

"Yes, but did I threaten them?"

"Did I say I would kill them, or shoot them?"

"No," I said slow, thinking back.

Then set him off again. He whooped till I thought he was going to fall off his horse.

"Then the horses white ones?" he cracked. "Like bladders they beat each other, and like bladders they made snakes?" He passed the Henry to me and waggled his eyes.

I broke the silence, and then I got the whole beautiful joke. I brought the lever back and let the hammer down and cracked. I knew I'd never be able to keep this to myself. The whole country was going to hear about it and I wanted to see Sam's face and Brannigan's and Mathews' when they got the word. I couldn't stop laughing either, now, just thinking about it.

The Henry went loaded.

S u b s c r i p t i o n - C o m p o s

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QUICK UIPS

Fidelity is the next-to-be married, not allowed. We'd feel at ease if we are steady fidelity and are telling some home truths about life in general—and, this month—about women in particular.

They say that man is the brazier. So he is—until she catches him. Then is the altar, where she applies the hottest.

One man we know asked the parson after the wedding ceremony, "How much do I owe you?" The master replied, "Whatever you think it's worth." So the groom handed over two bob. The parson looked grim at the bride and gave the groom back 1/3.

Then comes the honeymoon. The groom is to love happy that he has his bride drag him up to the Blue Mountains, where they climb all the hills around the place, to my estimate of the 1,200 steps in the Great Staircase. Usually the groom prays for rain. One fellow we know left his bride at Echo Point. She was trying to get in the last word with the echo.

After the honeymoon the new-coloured plates got cracked and then began a cat and mouse game between husband and wife. Is it then that the man should arrest his wife?

shortly and married. He must prove that he is not a curmudgeon. Trouble is that he is too distractible, his wife calls him a nit.

We know one chap who did not marry his affiancée. This man was as clever that he had spent half his savings buying in ten different languages. After marriage all this knowledge got him nowhere—he could not get in a word sideways.

Some men marry beauty. Others marry brains. Beauty can cause bother because she can be so much like one follows blonde sprouts. She was introduced to an author. "Oh," she trilled, "you and I have something in common. You write and I read."

This fellow was accosted by a friend who said to him, "Your wife is telling people you can't keep her in clothes." The harassed husband retorted, "I bought her a bonnet and I can't keep her in that either."

So don't marry beauty. Of course you may be lucky in getting another fellow to take her off your hands, but the risk is too great. As for marrying brains—a beauty will win the more arguments. Lesser her strictly for college professor—and remain single.

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